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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

AMERICAN IMPERIUM

'ANY PART OF THE EARTH'

The deaths of the Marines in Beirut and the brutal invasion of Grenada dramatize President Reagan's determination to establish an imperial presence in global politics. His raw rhetoric and past posturing can now be seen as prelude: no more "peacekeeping mission," no more warship diplomacy, phantom dogfights, military advisers, covert counterrevolutions, war games behind friendly borders. This is the real thing: the aggressive campaign to assert American authority and secure control around the world. From Nicaragua to Namibia, the opponents of that authority and the subjects of that control should fear the worst.

The massacre of the Marines destroyed the delusion that American troops could stay in Lebanon merely to separate warring factions. America *is* a warring faction; even more than that, it appears to be the superpower that plans a military colonization of the region, that seeks a perm[illegible]t beachhead to defend what Reagan has called "that vital an[illegible]ategic area of the earth, or for that matter, any other part of th[illegible]rth." Whatever its intent, the dispatch of the Marines became an intervention by other means, the slow deployment of a force that is designed to outflank—and, if necessary, destroy—potential enemies of American power.

The Administration names those enemies as the Soviet Union and

(*Continued on Page 419*)

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LETTERS.

LIBEL: A THIRD ALTERNATIVE

Los Angeles

There are, as both Aryeh Neier and Martin Garbus point out ["The Case for a Right of Reply" and "Abolish Libel—The Only Answer," *The Nation*, Oct. 8], competing social interests involved in the law of libel. The need for robust debate on public policies and officials, which the First Amendment protects, and the right of each of us not to be defamed are not on a collision course, but they do engender social and constitutional conflict. The proliferation of libel suits in recent years has doubtless accentuated the problem, although the volume of criticism of national, state and local policies and officials has not noticeably diminished. Yet neither Neier's nor Garbus's proposal is an appropriate solution.

Neier's "right of reply" is, as Garbus points out, unworkable. And as Neier, a constitutional expert, should know, it is also patently unconstitutional. The idea that a court could *order* an editor, publisher or broadcaster to print or air something—even if only as protection against a lawsuit—is almost as offensive to the First Amendment as prior restraint. At the same time, Garbus's approach is like throwing the baby out with the bath water. The law of libel raises difficult problems—abolish libel! ("Talking of axes," said the Dutchess, "chop off her head.")

Garbus is obviously not averse to hyperbole in attempting to bolster his position for outlawing libel: "If criticism of a public figure can be found to be libelous, no citizen can safely utter anything but praise about the government or its officials." This is nonsense. In the first place, criticism of a public official cannot be found libelous; only defamation can be found libelous, and only, as both Neier and Garbus note, if the remark was made "with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not." In the second place, the idea that not merely public officials but *every one of us* may be slandered and defamed, our reputations destroyed beyond repair by falsehoods knowingly and maliciously presented as facts, offends our sense of democracy and fair play. As Justice Potter Stewart once wrote, "Our basic concept of the essential dignity and worth of every human being [is] a concept at the root of any system of ordered liberty."

One wonders how Garbus would react if *The New York Post* were to run a story with this opening paragraph: "Martin Garbus, prominent New York City attorney, whose office is at 485 Madison Avenue, was yesterday convicted of embezzling $50,000 from a client's trust account. Mr. Garbus could not be reached by phone for comment on the conviction."

Garbus has horrible fantasies of what juries might do if punitive damages in libel actions are abolished. But as Justice Thurgood Marshall suggested in his dissenting opinion in *Rosenbloom v. Metromedia*, "The appropriate resolution of the clash of societal values is to restrict damages to actual losses," i.e., to abolish punitive damages. I have not checked the "megaverdicts" that Garbus cites in his article, but I would hazard a guess that most, if not all, of them consist primarily of punitive awards. It is the specter of those damages that poses the real danger to a defendant in a libel action, not the possibility of being held liable for a plaintiff's actual losses. Abolition of punitive damages would remove this danger to free expression while preserving the right to recourse against defamation.

As a former minor public official who never found it necessary to respond with a libel suit to the slings and arrows of outrageous political opponents, I am in wholehearted agreement with what Abe Fortas once wrote. Fortas's civil liberties credentials are impeccable: he argued *Gideon v. Wainwright* before the Supreme Court and as a member of the Court, wrote the majority opinions in *In Re Gault* and *Tinker v. Des Moines*. In his dissenting opinion in *St. Amant v. Thompson*, he wrote, "The First Amendment is not a shelter for the character assassinator, whether his action is heedless and reckless or deliberate. The First Amendment does not require that we license shotgun attacks on public officials in virtually unlimited open season."

Martin Garbus would license shotgun attacks not only on public officials but on every one of us in an unlimited open season.

George Slaff
Slaff, Mosk and Rudman

AMENDING LIBEL LAWS

New York City

Aryeh Neier's thoughtful piece on libel identifies many of the anomalies posed by libel laws. He correctly urges that defamation suits be subject to the limiting principles of the First Amendment. And he is therefore right to suggest that the imposition of punitive damages, even for libelous speech, conflicts directly with First Amendment doctrine. Neier also appreciates that individuals can be genuinely injured by speech. In this regard, he proposes that an individual who is libeled be permitted to compel a newspaper or journal to publish his or her rebuttal.

The problem with Neier's enforced right of reply, as he acknowledges, is that it conflicts with the Supreme Court's reasoning in the *Miami Herald Publishing Company v. Tornillo* case. In *Tornillo*, the Court recognized that the judicial imposition of a right of reply represents a serious incursion into the discretion and editorial judgment of publishers and journalists. A better solution—because it is less offensive to First Amendment doctrine—is one that Neier touches upon only in passing. Such a solution might involve two reforms: first, the prohibition of punitive damages in libel suits; and second, the adoption of the English system of counsel fees in defamation actions. Under that system, a plaintiff who loses a libel suit must pay all of the defendant's legal fees. This has the virtue of deterring the many libel suits that are initiated merely to harass and intimidate writers and publishers. It would, at the same time, permit people who are injured by defamatory speech to receive compensation for such injury. Moreover, abolishing punitive damages would insure that libel suits are limited to redressing injury rather than punishing speech.

These far more modest proposals satisfy Neier's concern for the victims of defamatory speech, without permitting judges to tell publishers and editors what to print.

Arthur Eisenberg

(The writer is a staff attorney for the New York Civil Liberties Union. The N.Y.C.L.U. takes the position that all libel laws violate the First Amendment.)

THESE TIMES DEMAND 'THE NATION'

Cranford, N.J.

Why did *The Nation* but not *The New York Times*, with its vastly superior news-gathering facilities, publish Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle's admission that deployment of cruise and Pershing 2 missiles in Western Europe would be militarily valueless [Christopher Hitchens, "Minority Report," Oct. 22]? Is that news not "fit to print"?

Herman Lieberman

OLIVE BRANCH AWARD

On October 24, *The Nation* won an Olive Branch Award for "The New Arms Technology—And What It Means." The April 9 special issue, which was conceived by Michael T. Klare, a fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies and the magazine's defense correspondent, examined recent advances in conventional and nuclear weapons technology and their impact on arms control efforts. The awards, which are given in recognition of "outstanding coverage of the nuclear arms issue," are sponsored by The Editors' Organizing Committee and The Writers' and Publishers' Alliance for Disarmament.

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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EDITORIALS.

'Any Part'

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

its client Syria, as well as Iran, always a useful bogey. It identifies American interests, at various times, as gulf oil, open sea lanes and strategic ports and positions. But the obvious foes are not the serious ones, and the stated interests are secondary. The dangers for America—Reagan's America—in the Middle East arise from nationalist and revolutionary movements, which are motivated by internal imperatives and not directed (at least not consistently) by external forces. And the interest they threaten is imperial sway, America's capacity to control the tides of history, to influence events and work its will. The allusion that many make to Vietnam is not facile. Reagan has said we are in Lebanon to prevent Soviet-Syrian domination. Successive American Presidents said we were in Vietnam to stop China, the Soviet Union or "international communism." They talked about strategic deposits of tin, of Russian lust for warmwater ports, of tottering dominoes. But American military might was sent to extend American command and control as an end in itself.

No good can come of such a bad business. The bombing of the Marine headquarters at the Beirut airport is not the first such incident, nor will it be the last. Pressures on Moscow, threats against Teheran or moves against Damascus will not stop them, because the problems America has in the Middle East do not originate in those places. The source is difficult to find because it is woven deeply into the texture of the political life in places where the American soldiers have intervened.

Fouad Ajami, the eminent Middle East specialist whose prescient analysis of the situation in Lebanon appeared

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recently in *The Nation* ["The Partitioning of Lebanon," October 1], said last week that the United States is "on a fool's errand" in Beirut and should get out at once, before the foolishness becomes even more tragic. That is the only sensible strategy. Concern about a possible "bloodbath" after withdrawal is hardly germane: the bloodbath has clearly been drawn.

"It is imperial arrogance," Ajami said, to suppose that American Marines can resolve ancient disputes and active animosities in an alien culture. And it is also arrogant to think that an imperial colony of Marines can hold the fort, surrounded by a population that wishes them ill.

The invasion of Grenada provided an immediate illustration of Reagan's promise to intervene at will in any part of the earth. Only the flimsiest pretexts of international law and a baseless concern for the safety of American students on the island were offered in the way of justification. Britain's Prime Minister Thatcher, who hardly shrinks from throwing her own light imperial weight around, was appalled by the attack on a Commonwealth country where the Queen and her Governor General still serve as sovereign. (She might have noted that it was the first American invasion of a nation under the crown since the march on Montreal in the War of 1812; that one, however, was repelled.) Senator Daniel P. Moynihan, who used to enjoy bullying Third World mini-states when he was ambassador to the United Nations, was quick to charge that Reagan had violated both the U.N. Charter and the Articles of the Organization of American States. Reagan's solemn invocation of the 1981 Treaty of the Organization of East Caribbean States—little more than an antismuggling protocol between Club Meds—was at once cynical and ridiculous. The United States is not even a party to it, and acted without the unanimous consent of the signatory nations.

The chancellor of St. George's University School of Medicine in Grenada, Charles Modica, turned up in New York City and for two days made life difficult for the State Department and the complaisant network news anchors by contradicting Reagan's story that the students were in grave danger. He insisted that the U.S. Ambassador to Barbados, Milan Bish, had instructed him to lie when asked about the students' safety. Then, in midweek, he went to Washington, and to no one's surprise, recanted his previous assertions. St. George's Dean of Preclinical Studies, Dr. David Brown, had apparently not been given the line; he arrived in South Carolina with the report that his charges had not been imperiled by the Grenadian coup. Sources in Jamaica confirmed the dean's report—and Modica's original story.

As we go to press, the Administration has launched a propaganda campaign, complete with a triumphant Presidential address, which it hopes will justify the invasion. All sorts of rumors may be broadcast—of a Cuban military buildup on Grenada, of a hostage scenario, of a secret request for intervention by Grenada's Governor General, of Soviet involvement in the week's events—which the press blackout on the invasion allowed the Administration to float freely.

Reagan's twisted rationalizations and outright lies obscure the main point, which is the meaning of his interventionist policy. The Grenada landing has broken through the political and psychological obstacles that have blessedly restrained Presidents from pursuing military adventures since Vietnam.

Nixon's "winding down" of Vietnam took half a decade, but the popular reaction to the disasters created by that last great American imperial war kept the peace for years afterward. It kept us out of Angola in 1975, it prompted Jimmy Carter to accept the independence movement in Zimbabwe in 1979 and to encourage the liberation of Nicaragua in 1981. We may never know how many other potential invasions, interventions or interdictions the "Vietnam syndrome" restrained. On several occasions Reagan seemed eager to strike but refrained at the last moment because of uncertainty about the domestic political consequences.

Then came Grenada. What was surely a ghastly internal power struggle between Bishop and ambitious rivals within his New Jewel Movement provided the excuse for Reagan to militarize the Caribbean and orchestrate an ideological confrontation with global implications. One can only speculate at the secret machinations that preceded the landing, the provocations and destabilization operations, the pressures on weak and dependent island governments.

And it has been, at first glance, a famous victory for Reagan's America. That is to say, for the superpower that seeks to export and impose counterrevolution wherever independence is vulnerable. But the triumph may not last. Intervention creates its own antagonisms, and it makes hardened enemies of those who might otherwise shrink from a fight. The empire, as the Vietnamese proved—and as the Iranians, the Lebanese Moslems and others have reiterated—is most exposed when it is most extended—to "any part of the earth."

Passion Play

Like everything in the long history of the Rosenberg case, the debate between opposing authors (and between members of the audience) in Town Hall on October 20 was noisy, quarrelsome, rancorous, inconclusive—and fascinating. The minutiae of the Rosenberg record and the monstrosities of repression in the 1950s still have the power to agitate the mind and stir the soul, three decades after the fact. The case itself has become the defining epic of the American left after World War II, a political passion play which continues its intermittent run at random locales, performed by a repertory company of participants who repeat old lines, ad-lib inspired ripostes and often simply shout and scuffle. But it is a serious show, and it always draws a crowd, not only because of the inherent drama of the plot but because the message really matters.

Town Hall exaggerated the theatricality of the latest performance by adding some Broadway glitz to the proceedings. Outside on 43rd Street, some of the sellout crowd of

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1,500 (twice as many had been turned away) began congregating an hour before the event. Soon, limousines were slipping into their curbside berths and television crews were unloading their gear. Celebrities, of a sort, materialized in the throng: Arthur Schlesinger Jr. was unmistakable; Woody Allen and Mia Farrow only slightly less so. And was that Diana Trilling? Michael Meeropol, the Rosenbergs' elder son, was there; so was Ethel Goldberg, Julius Rosenberg's sister; and so was co-defendant Morton Sobell. Media stars and satellites twinkled. Someone was sure he spotted two retired F.B.I. agents, who had come for old times' sake. Social democratic literati, grizzled fellow travelers and somewhat puzzled political parvenus bumped one another lightly as they squeezed into the lobby. The mood was exuberant, the look was leftish, the demographics were 35 to 50, and the air was expectant: basic Broadway.

Inside, there was a clear promise of confrontation, on stage and off. *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, which cosponsored the event, seemed to be squared off in blocs of seats on either side of the median aisle. A good many glowers and a few familiar smiles crossed that strip. On stage, Brooklyn District Attorney Elizabeth Holtzman was posted between the combatants. Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors of *Invitation to an Inquest*, the 1965 study of the Rosenberg case (a revised edition was recently published), sat under *The Nation*'s banner, more or less. Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors of *The Rosenberg File*, and Sol Stern, who assisted in their research, occupied *The New Republic* side of the stage.

The advertised topic for debate was "Were the Rosenbergs Framed?" which seemed straightforward enough when it was conceived but which was quickly shot full of ambiguities. Framed by whom? In their book, the Schneirs charge that the Rosenbergs were convicted on the basis of testimony (unsupported by material evidence) trumped up by the F.B.I. During the debate Miriam Schneir charged that Radosh and Milton had staged "the second trial of the Rosenbergs," and that their book was a "hoax, masquerading as a work of historical scholarship."

Walter Schneir attacked the two authors' methods and methodology: he said they had manufactured and misquoted interviews, failed to cite or cited incorrectly documents wrung from the government under the Freedom of Information Act and deliberately skewed interpretations of benign events and remarks in order to build a case for the Rosenbergs' guilt. In a dramatic gesture, he produced a portable tape player and played recordings he had made of telephone conversations between him and three ex-Communists who had been interviewed earlier by Sol Stern and who now insist they have been misquoted or misrepresented in Radosh and Milton's book.

Radosh et al. defended their key findings: that Julius was guilty of providing the Russians with "corroborative evidence" of atomic secrets already stolen by other spies, and that Ethel knew about some of her husband's activities but was prosecuted primarily to force him to confess. They apologized for one wrong citation, but no more. Stern several times held up *his* tape player and played recordings of his original interviews with the people Walter Schneir later spoke to.

In his highly charged polemic, Radosh attacked Communists and the American Communist Party for destroying the left in the United States out of "slavish" devotion to the Soviet Union. He said that the party had condoned or encouraged espionage (it had, *The Rosenberg File* says, stopped the Rosenbergs' subscription to *The Daily Worker* in order to save the party from guilt by association in the event they were caught), and had abandoned the Rosenbergs after their arrest.

Many in the audience were clearly itching for a fight. Meeropol, Sobell and Ethel Goldberg shouted their disagreements with the Radosh side's case. The minutiae and the monstrosities exploded with undifferentiated force. Cries of "Stalinism" and "left McCarthyism" and "liar" mingled with a brief colloquy about the final resting place of a console table, allegedly used for microfilming by Julius Rosenberg, in the Goldberg apartment. After four hours, it was hard to identify the theme of the evening or extract its meaning. Epics, in the end, are like earthquakes: the power they have over our lives is much of their message.

What kept coming into my own head, however, was a word I don't think I heard all evening, or at least not often: repression. The Rosenberg case was, among other things, the means by which the rulers of America at that time repressed their opposition on the left, delegitimized its leaders, stopped its forward movement—not necessarily through a plot, but certainly by intent. It is a terribly sad story. Radosh was right to emphasize the dynamic of destruction, although I think he was all wrong in his particular description. Communists and the Communist Party may have committed egregious ideological mistakes and made serious strategic errors, but they were the victims of the most sustained, insistent and successful policies of political repression in American history.

Of course they participated in their own victimization, as victims always do. Repression does that. It convinces its subjects of their own guilt, of their own illegitimacy. Its victims begin to loathe themselves, deny their worth, give up—or join the repressers, in one way or another.

The Communists of the 1930s and 1940s were rendered invisible as McCarthyism took hold. The Rosenberg case was made a non-issue; *The New York Times* and *The New Republic* would not even accept advertisements for the printed court record of the trial. The left was silenced and isolated, and leftists could never confront their accusers or express their anger. They came to believe much of what was said of them: that they were invalid, ineffectual and self-destructive. Now, after thirty lonely years, a remnant of the movement found a forum for a confrontation long deferred. The *old* enemies were gone, but a workable replacement was in Town Hall: a panel of culturally ambitious "former" radicals who have made a bitter peace with repression by agreeing with many of its points. And they, too, found a focus for their anger: those few survivors who still can remind us all of what used to be.

ANDREW KOPKIND

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MINORITY REPORT

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

It's all too easy to sneer at neoliberals. But it is, I'm afraid, all too necessary. The movement that bears this smart little title has been in some danger of being taken too seriously. And, though its recent conference in Washington did something to deplete that seriousness, there is an evident need to say a few words before the memory fades.

First, what is neoliberalism? Its adherents beam with false modesty when they are asked. They will not be so dogmatic as to attempt a definition. But I think I know what it is. In the November issue of *The Washington Monthly*, which sponsored the conference and which serves as the calendar and notice board of the movement, there appears a review by Charles Peters, who is founder and mentor of both. The review concerns the new book *Vietnam*, by Stanley Karnow, which is a companion to the series now running on PBS. It's a short notice, and it reads, in its entirety, thus:

> Everyone, right and left, will find fault with this book, but there is nothing better available now. It is unique in its understanding of the cultural differences between South and North Vietnam and China that might have served our legitimate ends much more effectively and humanely than bombing by B-52s and invasion by 500,000 troops.

Here is the essence of the neoliberal style. First comes the smarmy evenhandedness ("right and left" are, of course, ideologues, and therefore untrustworthy). Then the vague but seductive idea that "cultural differences" can substitute for a definition of conflict. Then the invocation of "our legitimate ends," which are assumed. Finally, there is the criticism of military and bureaucratic ineptitude—with all the moral and political courage that such a stand requires.

Neoliberals are like that. They have a sort of pious earnestness. They hold opinions rather than convictions. They wear their lightness learnedly. They are easily disappointed by the efforts and the antics of common people. They have a slightly feigned nostalgia for the times of F.D.R. and J.F.K. They practice risk-free iconoclasm. Their idea of bravery is to speak the unsayable, shocking thing. For example: "I know it's not fashionable to say this, but a lot of people really do cheat on welfare." Some of them actually want Ernest Hollings to be President. To spend a weekend with them was like living through, rather than sitting through, *The Big Chill*.

Cynics have compared the neoliberal tendency to the neoconservative one. I think that comparison must be counted as unfair. For one thing, neoconservatives are much more rigorous. For another, they are much more interesting. Neoconservatives believe in original sin, while neoliberals believe in the enervating effect of public spending programs. Neoconservatives are keenly interested in foreign policy, with its emphasis on tough choices, while neoliberals are oddly diffident about it. Neoconservatives have a sense of class struggle, and know which side they are on. Neoliberals wish the word "class" had never been discovered, and agree not to use it at all, ever, except when attacking radicals for being out of touch with what "ordinary people" want. Neoconservatism could occur in any country. Neoliberalism could, really, only occur in a country like America which combines abundance with *angst* and has a vast population of overqualified graduate students, some of whom wish they had, after all, served in Vietnam.

In what I suppose I must call his keynote address, Peters laid out a testing agenda for this bright-eyed group, mugged as they are by unreality. We must be flexible on welfare and crime, he said, and not automatically oppose the right. We must be ready to denounce trade unions. We must invigilate and audit the big spenders. We must beware "the special interests" (I was touched to hear a panelist describe women as one such). Nor is equality forgotten—the neoliberals, in their only egalitarian proposal, would collectivize young Americans by means of the draft.

There is, true, a striking coincidence between these points and the "ideas" of the President. There's also a coincidence in method (when Peters calls for educational reform, he does so because he believes it will make the United States able to "compete economically with other technologically advanced countries"). But neoliberals cannot help the time they live in, and I believe even they are a little embarrassed by these convergences. Still, it's partly their own fault. If you go around mouthing chamber of commerce clichés like (Peters again) "In Japan, auto workers think about how they can improve their products; in America, they think about filing grievances," you have earned your resemblance to the Great Purveyor of reactionary common sense.

The neoliberal style is a smart-ass one, and not without its effectiveness. The core of it is a species of gutless irony. You think public spending helps the poor? Check out Mike's coruscating piece in _____. You still think aid to the Third World has a point? Get a load of Nick in _____. Disarmament would be less risky than the arms race? Where have you been? Read Jim in _____. Neoliberals like to puncture illusions, and one wishes them luck in that enterprise. But they never take aim at the huge, gaseous balloon that supports their own basket.

A perpetual theme at the conference was the reinstatement of family values, or at least the rescue of those values from the crass, coercive stress placed upon them by the Christian right. There was much talk of responsibility and parenthood as the common thing, even the model thing. In fact, neoliberals seem to see the United States as a sort of family. They employ the word "we" a lot, as in "our" industry, "our" military and "our" political process. As I was moved to say at their conference, a family is collectivist as a society and socialist as an economy. It reveres the individual but it operates, approximately, on the principle "from each according to his or her ability and to each according to his or her need." If these socialist values are good enough for the rearing of American children, why are they not good enough for American society? The fact that no panelist answered my tiny question suggests to me that neoliberals have, at best, only the cowardice of their convictions.

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ARTICLES.

ISRAEL'S PALESTINIANS

'Al-Fajr'—Hope For a New Day

AMOS OZ

Jerusalem

The editorial offices of the East Jerusalem daily newspaper *Al-Fajr* are located on the second floor of an old stone house not far from the Damascus Gate. The full name of the newspaper is *Al-Fajr Al-Arabi—The Arab Dawn*. The atmosphere in the editorial offices is similar, perhaps, to that in the offices of a Hebrew-language journal or a Yiddish newspaper in Eastern Europe before the Fall: poverty and enthusiasm, lofty rhetoric and prosaic hardships, poetry and politics.

Al-Fajr was founded in 1972 by a "group of Palestinian intellectuals," and from the day of its establishment it has undergone frequent upheavals and known numerous troubles. Its first editor was kidnapped by unknown people and has never been found. The newspaper's staff complain (with eyes flashing proudly) of harassment by the government, of detention orders and searches. The censors, they assert, plot unceasingly against *Al-Fajr*, preventing the staff from printing items that have appeared in full in the Hebrew press. All of this, it would seem, has conferred upon my conversational partners here the complacent self-image of persecuted liberation heroes.

The owner of the newspaper, one Paul Ajluni, resides far from Jerusalem. This Ajluni is a mysterious American citizen of Palestinian descent, who allegedly is only a straw man for the real bosses, the propaganda arm of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Ziad Abu Ziad, 42 years old, an editor of the newspaper, speaks rich, fluent Hebrew and will neither confirm nor deny the allegation: "We are a newspaper of the Palestinian people, expressing our people's desire for freedom and peace. Our approach is completely realistic."

Who reads *Al-Fajr*?

"We have all types of readers," says Ziad, "particularly intellectuals. University and high school students, everyone with a national political consciousness. We have a lot of readers in Israel itself, both Arabs and Jews. We publish an English edition and we are planning a Hebrew edition as well, for the educated Israeli reader, so that he will know the Palestinian position as it really is, not the way it is distorted in the Israeli press." Ziad chuckles and adds, "A Palestinian newspaper in the Hebrew language! It is, you might say, really a first after 2,000 years!"

Who writes letters to the editor? What do they write to you?

"There is an open debate among us on the question of identity. Surely you have heard about it: Palestinian identity and its place within Arab identity. Something like your debate over who is a Jew. And some slander us because of our moderation and flexibility. If I do not reject such letters the censor will reject them, but there are cases where I do not wait for the censor. Some three weeks ago, I received an extremely hawkish letter opposed to all the peace initiatives, in favor of armed struggle as the only path. I rejected it. I—not the censor. If there is perhaps some Arab Rabbi Kahane, why should I give him publicity?"

And what is the political editorial line?

"Our line is middle-of-the-road: halfway between a Greater Land of Israel and a Greater Palestine." Words like this are, of course, music to my ears. Tens of years ago, tens of thousands of dead ago, this was what we had hoped to hear from the Palestinian Arabs. Had those words been spoken two or three generations ago, the Zionist enterprise would have taken a different form.

Nonetheless, a devil prompts me to ask Ziad, Well then, have you finished with Jaffa? Have you forgotten Ramla and Acre?

Ziad raises his eyes to the window, through which only Jerusalem stone can be seen, the blank, shadowy wall of the neighboring building. Perhaps he is searching for words, or perhaps the question saddens him or unsettles him. Finally he murmurs, almost soundlessly, as his fingers forcefully bend and destroy a paper clip, "That is the way it is. There is nothing to be done."

Tell me, Ziad, do you say that because the Jews have a right to the land or just because they have power? "One cannot separate these things," says Ziad enigmatically. And when I persist in my question, the editor of *Al-Fajr* answers reluctantly, "Let us assume that Arab weapons will one day conquer the whole country, all the way to the sea. What then? I cannot conceive of destroying the Jews or expelling them. That would be criminal, a crime against humanity. So what then? Instead of an Israeli military governor issuing a detention order for me, a Palestinian military governor will come and issue one for you? Shall we just turn the phonograph record over? Look, there is an established fact. There is already an Israeli people. Am I happy about it? Am I sorry about it? It no longer matters. There is an Israeli people and there is a Palestinian people, and both of them must live. In coexistence. As equals."

Ziad, how will you answer the young man who asks you, Why will Palestine include Ramallah in the West Bank but not Ramla on the coastal plain?

"I shall tell him, Don't be an ass. We have already paid dearly for this kind of madness! There is justice here and there is justice there, but here or there, over and beyond

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Amos Oz, born in Jerusalem in 1939, is Israel's foremost novelist. Excerpted from In the Land of Israel *by Amos Oz.* *Copyright ©1983 by Amos Oz and Am Oved Publishers Ltd. English translation copyright © 1983 by Amos Oz. To be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Inc.*

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justice, there is reality! And there are rights, of course. That is the basis of the reality."

I ask Ziad what he sees as the legitimate rights of the Palestinians.

"Eliminate the word 'legitimate.' It is redundant. The word 'rights' already says it all. We are a people; you are a people. Every people has the right to be liberated. That is all."

And how is Israel presented in *Al-Fajr*?

"In accordance with the behavior of your government: oppressive, stealing land, denying us our rights, muzzling our mouths, murdering our brothers in the West Bank and in Lebanon. But I also give a lot of space to the positions of Israelis who oppose the government, who recognize our rights. But do you know something? It is precisely this that many times the censors cut out. Just when we wanted to give coverage to Peace Now and the antiwar movement, they censored it. Do you perhaps know why? Ask them. Don't ask me. I do not understand this."

And what would happen, Ziad, if one day Arafat were to act as Sadat did, and come to Israel to offer peace and mutual recognition?

"Well, there would be a split on the Arab street. Some would say, Excellent, very good, this will embarrass the Israelis; it will isolate them completely; it will cause them great conflict. Others would say that Arafat is a traitor. Nevertheless, the majority of Palestinians in the territories and the majority of freedom fighters would accept it with joy. But now let me return your question to you. What would happen in Israel if Arafat were to come and offer full peace and mutual recognition?"

I find myself answering Ziad with his own words: There would be a split. There would be great conflict. And afterward I ask what would happen, in his opinion, if the land was partitioned and there was a peace treaty.

"Well, look," Ziad says, "the truth is that we, the Palestinians and the Israelis, are reconciled to each other. Perhaps in twenty or thirty years there would come a unification of the two states. We would become accustomed to living together in mutual respect. The Palestinians are embittered because of the Arab states: what they have done to us all these years is no less a crime than what the Israelis have done to us. So perhaps when there is peace there will be rapprochement, understanding. Perhaps someday we will be one state."

Back to the P.L.O.'s concept of a unified, nonsectarian state, Ziad?

"Only by mutual agreement. Only by persuasion. Not by force. Not by arms. Only through a gradual process."

But is this not similar to the vision of the movement for a Greater Israel? Perhaps you, too, are only flipping the record over?

"But there are two peoples," says Ziad, perhaps slightly irritated. "That is true: there *are* two peoples. There is, nevertheless, only one country, and perhaps future generations will wish to unite."

Ziad, you are bitter about the Israelis and yet aspire to unite with us—not with Jordan, not with Syria and not with the rest of the Arab world. Why?

"Well, look, one day the entire world will be united. Such is the direction of history. This is what logic prescribes. And it can begin between the Palestinians and the Israelis, of their own free will. Why not? But first of all the Palestinians must be a free people. This is the first step. And we must return to our country; we must return to Jerusalem. We must become a people like all other peoples. We must have what you have. This is our dream for now. Afterward, we shall see what will happen."

Barely 200 yards from the Damascus Gate he says these words to me. In the heart of Jerusalem he says these words to me: "First of all . . . we must return to Jerusalem." How very strange.

More than a hundred years ago, in 1868, in Vienna, Peretz Smolenskin founded a Zionist Hebrew journal that bore the same name as Abu Ziad's newspaper, *The Dawn*. On the opening page of the first issue, Smolenskin wrote, "Neither in shame nor in disgrace do we believe . . . that the day will come and the kingdom will be restored . . . when like all peoples we shall not be ashamed of the desire to redeem our souls from the hands of strangers."

It occurs to me that it is surely not difficult to translate those words into Arabic. And Ziad Abu Ziad would be only too happy to print them on the masthead of his *Dawn*. Aren't we merely flipping the record over, after all? Is it right to compare the early Zionists with the Palestinians? Is it possible not to?

The comparison demands a very cautious and subtle examination. Behind *The Dawn* of Ziad Abu Ziad stands the fortune of the mysterious Paul Ajluni. Behind Ajluni stands, so they say, the P.L.O. And behind the P.L.O., the resources of Libya and Saudi Arabia and Iraq, the power of the Islamic bloc, the resources of the Soviet alliance, the masses of the Third World. Behind them stand the phalanxes, the mouthpieces of the simplistic New Left and of the reactionary old right, as well as of humanitarian do-good liberalism aching for symmetry and light. But behind *The Dawn* of Smolenskin stood nothing more than the madness of the editor and the zeal of his handful of readers, a few hundred desperate visionaries, full of sufferings and dreams, within the apathetic, dormant Jewish community, a community lacking both sword and plowshare. On the other hand, no one ever tried to muffle the voice of Smolenskin's *Dawn* with detentions, arrests and exile.

Yet, on the third hand, Ziad's *Dawn* arrived at the idea of "halfway between a Greater Land of Israel and a Greater Palestine" only after decades of savage attempts to throw Israel into the sea, in blood and fire. Smolenskin's *Dawn* did not seek to hurt even a fly.

And on the fourth hand, it was not the Arabs who exiled Smolenskin's forefathers from their land, but it is Smolenskin's grandchildren who, with the plow and the sword, are taking over piece after piece of Ziad's legacy.

And on the fifth hand, the Arab *Dawn* sought to shine over our dead bodies. It was Israel's mighty fist, not some moral revelation, that finally caused it—perhaps—to abandon this ambition.

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And on the sixth hand. And on the seventh. And on the eighth . . . Is it right to compare the two *Dawns*? Is it possible not to compare?

Attallah Najar, a 30-year-old Israeli citizen, is a senior reporter for *Al-Fajr*. Attallah was born in the village of Arrabeh, in the Galilee. He is a declared communist and a graduate of Hebrew University with a degree in chemistry. Now he works here, for this East Jerusalem newspaper, and resides with his family in Bet Hanina, an Arab suburb of greater Jerusalem. I ask him if Israeli Arabs feel "at home" in Bet Hanina.

"No. Bet Hanina is part of the West Bank. This is an area that in the near future won't be mine anymore."

And if one day a Palestinian state were established, peacefully coexisting with Israel, would you continue to reside in Bet Hanina? Or would you decide to leave your diaspora in Israel and emigrate to the Palestinian homeland?

"No way. I'm an Israeli. It's a matter of a sense of identity. Even though I am discriminated against in Israel, a third-class citizen, I consider myself absolutely Israeli, and I will remain Israeli. An independent Palestine would be for me more or less what Israel is for a Jew in America who calls himself a Zionist. The same thing, only closer."

What does your sense of Israeli identity stem from?

"Education, experience, friendships with Jews. From my soul. From my attachment to the Israeli life style. Listen to a story. In 1967, during the war, I was a kid of 15. Our entire village was glued to the radio, to the Voice of Damascus. Listening to its reports, we believed that the Syrians were going to reach our village, Arrabeh, in a few hours. My parents were afraid that the Syrians would bomb us from the air, so they took me with them to hide in a cave. The whole time we were in that cave we listened to a transistor radio, and heard that the Syrians had entered here, entered there, 'cleaned out' the entire Galilee, and all those bloody lies of theirs, and I heard all this and began to cry. I didn't want to tell my parents that I was crying because I thought the Syrians were murdering all my friends, all the Jews, all of our acquaintances. But then, in 1973, when I heard that the Egyptians had crossed the Suez Canal, I wasn't crying anymore. On the contrary, I was happy. I knew there was no question of destroying the Jews; it was a question of breaking Israeli arrogance. I believed that that way, with the crossing of the canal, peace was beginning."

If a Palestinian state is established, what kind of state will it be?

"An exemplary one! That is, it should be a model state: open, enlightened, democratic, progressive. 'A Light Unto the Arabs.' After everything the Palestinian people have been through, nothing less than that would be good enough."

And what if Palestine becomes a medieval dictatorship like Iraq or Libya?

"Then I'd fight. I would fight as an Israeli to change Palestine. Just like a Zionist in America, if he happens to have progressive ideas, is entitled to fight to determine the nature of Israel."

Would you take up arms?

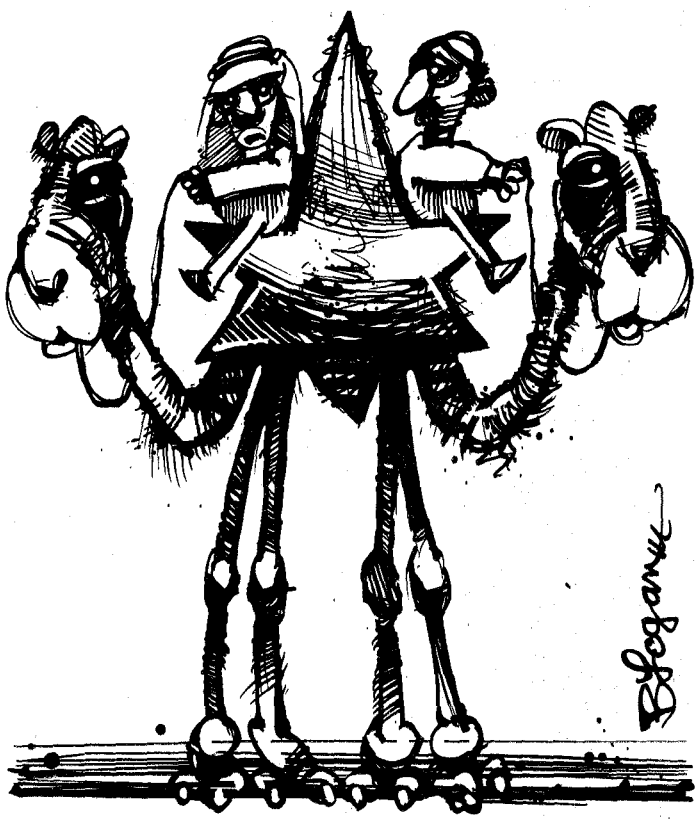
"Look, personally, I would never take up arms—never, not for any goal in the world. I'm not ready to sacrifice my life. Life is sacred, above anything else. I'm not the type of person who would give up his life for an ideal, for the homeland, for anything. To suffer for my principles, that's all right with me. To die—no thanks, under no circumstances."

Attallah, I say, after the massacre of Palestinians in Beirut, the only city in the world where there were hundreds of thousands of protesters demonstrating was Tel Aviv. Not in Cairo or Damascus, not even in Beirut itself. How do you explain that?

"I wasn't surprised. I was even a little proud. As an Israeli, I always prefer to be on the side of the underdog. After all, we Israelis see ourselves as the chosen people, don't we? Ben-Gurion preached it. Golda gloried in it. Begin repeated it five times a day. So what's the big surprise that when Begin tried to evade his responsibility, the earth shook? And then, when there were all kinds of statements by soldiers and officers against the invasion of Lebanon, and the demonstrations and the public outcry, and the tear gas near Begin's residence, and the commission of inquiry, I felt—in spite of my bitterness—that I was part of that society. I'm an Israeli, for better or for worse."

Attallah, what if you are one day offered a choice between serving as the Israeli ambassador to Palestine and serving as the Palestinian ambassador to Israel? What will you choose?

My question, it seems, shocks Attallah Najar. He stares at me wide-eyed, his mouth slightly agape, and he shakes his head and upper body from side to side several times—an ancient Oriental gesture, almost a gesture of lamentation. After a silence he bursts into sustained, raucous, uncontrollable laughter.



DRAWINGS BY BILL LOGAN

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So what will you choose?

"That's an outasight question!" he manages to spit out in Hebrew slang between peals of laughter. "Listen, you just wiped me out!"

Nonetheless, what will you choose, Attallah?

"Sorry I laughed," says Attallah, struggling to contain himself. "It never occurred to me to look at it that way. At my identity, that is. But let me tell you something: I'm an Israeli, can't help it. I think that when all is said and done I'd choose to be the Israeli ambassador. Maybe it would be sort of like if America made some Zionist its ambassador to Israel. But maybe not exactly."

And can you see yourself sitting, let's say, in the Israeli Embassy in Bet Hanina? Under a portrait of Herzl? And receiving, for example, a Palestinian delegation that has come to congratulate you at the Israeli Independence Day reception you are giving?

Attallah barely conquers another peal of wild laughter. "Actually . . . well, sure, why not? But . . . it would be weird, I admit. Really weird."

And when he finally manages to compose himself, he adds in a very quiet voice, "How do I know? Maybe by the time there are two independent states living in peace, maybe nationalist enthusiasm in general will have died down a little. People will have more important things on their mind. All this nationalism is kind of like a disease, isn't it? A pretty dangerous disease, I think. A lot of people die from it!"

Attallah, do you support Arafat?

"Arafat, Begin, Assad, Sharon—they're all victims of nationalism. And the man in the street is, too. That's my general opinion. If there's something I'm angry at Arafat for, it's for not standing up and recognizing Israel! I know what his argument is: he claims that recognition of Israel is his trump card. But if I were him, I'd take that trump card and lay it on the table right now. I don't know if it's an ace or a joker, but, fuck it, I'd take it and lay it on the table right now."

And do you believe that this would change Israel's position?

"Well, at least it'll create an emotional problem for us. A very healthy one."

For us?

"For us the Israelis. For us the Palestinians. For us the Arabs. For us, for all the people who are going crazy because of this lousy conflict. Maybe that's what will pull us out of this insanity. Maybe. If I were him, I'd do it right away—today."

Later on, I have coffee with Ali Al-Halili, who is known as Abu Haled. He is the editor of the weekend literary section of *Al-Fajr*. We converse in English and I take notes in Hebrew. At my request he gives a detailed description of the contents of his section in the latest issue of the newspaper (Number 24, September 1982): A report on Palestinian women's liberation by Ali Ottman. An article about the seeds of Palestinian identity in the nineteenth century by a Palestinian émigré named Mahfaz Mahfuz Moses, who lives in Chile. An interview with Akram Hania, a short-story writer and chairman of the Union of Palestinian Journalists in the occupied territories ("He's been under house arrest for two and a half years now in Ramallah," Abu Haled says). Poems by five young poets from the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, most of them on "the theme of hope of national renaissance and cultural identity; about yearnings to return to the homeland." And short stories, one of them by an Israeli Arab from Shefaram; one of them by Afnan Al-Kassem, a native of Nablus now lecturing at the Sorbonne in Paris; and another, the first publication of a promising young writer named Samira Sharabati, from Hebron.

"Most of the stories are about suffering under the occupation, about aspirations for liberation," he says. "But there's also a token piece about revenge. That's natural, isn't it?"

There is also a survey of new books, and several pages dedicated to "first fruits of beginning writers." They all write poetry, says Abu Haled, "and that's natural. It is at a later age that practically everybody discovers the prose in life." And there is an allegorical political sketch about the treachery of the Arab states toward the Palestinian people when their blood was flowing like water in Lebanon. The author of the sketch is none other than my partner in conversation, Ali Al-Halili, alias Abu Haled. "Literature, ideology, history and politics are all connected for us. One cannot separate them. That is always the case for oppressed peoples. An oppressed person will not sing like a bird in a tree; he will sing like a bird in a cage."

In the other *Dawn*, Peretz Smolenskin published his Zionist novel, *The Vengeance of the Covenant*. The hero of the story, an assimilated Jewish writer by the name of Ben Yaakov, decides to return to the bosom of his people and to dedicate his life to the Jewish national liberation movement. Ben Yaakov expresses himself thus: "Let all youth of generous heart join me: and our revenge will be in the revival of that which they have deadened, in the resurrection of that which has been toppled. Let him who loves our people join me! Let our flag of vengeance wave: let Jerusalem be its name!"

Is it right to compare? Is it possible not to?

"The writer in our times," says Abu Haled, "must integrate all forms of writing. There is no pure literature. If the writer cuts himself off from the suffering and the problems of society, this in itself is a form of engagement, but in the cause of evil, in the cause of injustice and oppression. This has nothing to do with Marxist theory. It has to do with the simplest thing in the world: honesty, responsibility. Look, if a painter sits painting the landscape and a small child is murdered in the very field he is painting—if the painter sits and waits until it is over and then resumes painting, he himself is party to the murder!"

Abu Haled has published fifteen books. He began to write in his native city, Nablus, when he was still a boy, but for several years published nothing. ("The Jordanian censorship was brutal; worse than yours! But that doesn't justify you. One crime does not justify another.") Today he is pleased that he did not publish his early works. They appear

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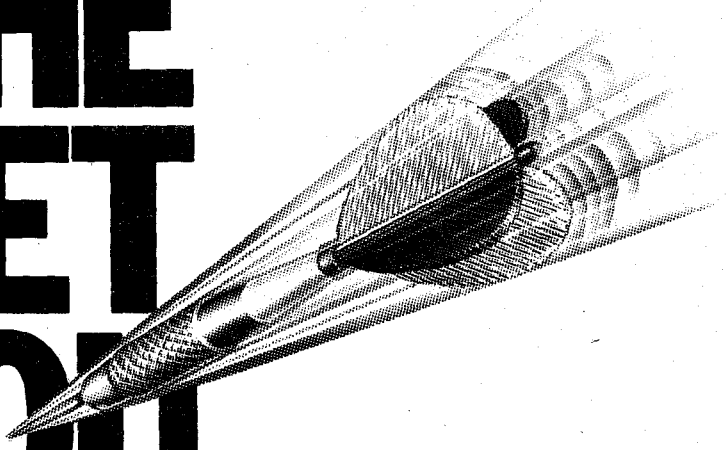

Today, It's Steel. Tomorrow It Could Be Your Industry, Your Job.

U.S. Steel and British Steel plan to finish their negotiations by the end of November on a far-reaching plan to change the nature of the American steel industry.

Their decision, and our government's response to it, may be as important to you as it is to American steelworkers.

U.S. Steel has proposed to stop steel-making at its Fairless Works near Philadelphia, and import 3½ million tons of semi-finished steel slabs annually from the government-owned British Steel Company. Other East Coast and midwestern steel mills would soon be forced, by competitive pressure, to follow U.S. Steel's lead.

The United States would immediately lose 3,000 steel-making jobs at Fairless Works – and would soon lose 75,000 to 100,000 other steel-making jobs in other steel mills. Jobs in iron ore and coal mining would disappear too, as would jobs in the service industries which supply steel mills, steelworkers, coal and iron ore mines.

The British steel mills produce these slabs with huge government subsidies. Ironically, U.S. Steel in the past has been an outspoken critic of the dumping of subsidized foreign steel on the American market. Now, the company is saying that even if the British deal falls through, it will seek similar arrangements with other countries.

Since foreign steel facilities are usually government-owned and highly subsidized, American workers and companies find themselves in the position of trying to compete with a foreign government.

It can't be done. Take wages, for example. While some people seem to think American steelworkers make far more than we actually do, workers in steel-making facilities in many foreign countries make barely enough to survive.

Anything approaching such a wage scale in this country would result in a severe depression for everyone. Nobody could afford to pay American-style medical bills, taxes, home payments or food bills on such wages. Neither could they afford American automobiles, consumer goods or educations for their children. The result of such a low-wage policy would be devastating, not only for hourly workers, but for business and professional people and all others in our society.

We're doing everything we can to resist the U.S. Steel-British Steel deal. We're convinced it would open the way to the destruction of the American basic steel industry. But beyond that, we want to help make the American people aware of the dangers of foreign industrial targeting and dumping to all of us.

All of us are the targets.

Including you.

UNITED STEELWORKERS OF AMERICA

IF YOU WOULD LIKE MORE INFORMATION ON INDUSTRIAL TARGETING AND WHAT YOU CAN DO TO DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM, PLEASE MAIL THIS COUPON TO:

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Five Gateway Center
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to him now as sentimental, romantic, saccharine: "I wrote all sorts of poems influenced by Nazar Kabani about longings for all kinds of orange trees I had never seen in my life at that time; who ever saw orange trees in Nablus? Nazar Kabani himself eventually became a Nasserite and turned into a political poet."

And when did the change occur in your writing?

"In 1967, after the occupation began. For a long time I was incapable of writing at all. I burned everything I had written before the occupation. It was all just marmalade, candy-coated, sniveling. I didn't publish my first book until 1971."

And what happened after the occupation began?

"I very slowly discovered my identity. I went back to my roots. I found myself. When your tanks entered Nablus, on the darkest day of my life, we were afraid that first off they would shoot all the intellectuals, or expel us, or put us into concentration camps. I was a teacher part time then, and a pharmacist part time. One day an Israeli officer came to the school, assembled the teachers and told us what to teach and what not to teach. So I left teaching and became a pharmacist full time. Then one bright morning a nice-looking young man, in a nice suit and tie, came into the pharmacy and introduced himself in good Arabic as an Israeli businessman, the agent for some firm or another. On the spot I went into shock: until then I had never seen an Israeli person. Somehow I had thought that there was no such thing at all, an Israeli person. Soldiers and policemen, yes, but I didn't think there were people. I didn't give him my hand or offer him a chair. This wasn't out of hatred—just out of shock. How come? Are they people? Businessmen, even? Pharmacists? So I asked him if he wasn't a detective, a policeman—had we done something illegal? We were used to visits like this from King Hussein's detectives. The man replied, I came to sell you cosmetics. Somehow, I finally did shake his hand. He was—how shall I say it—cheerful. Very happy and friendly. As though all the wars and the injustice were just some little joke, and now the joke was over and it was time to get down to real business. He made wisecracks in Arabic, asked all kinds of personal questions, peeked into the cupboards, as though I were his little brother. I couldn't sleep for two nights afterward. It gnawed at me: Why did I shake his hand? Why was I friendly to him? Why did I collaborate with the occupier who stole my homeland? Why did I sell my honor and my identity and my pride just like that—for nothing? Those were the terms in which I thought in 1967. That is the way we were educated.

"With the occupation came months of fury and frustration and humiliation. We were angry at the entire world, but above all at Gamal Abdel Nasser: Fool! Why did you start this whole thing if you weren't properly prepared? Why did you bring this disaster upon us? And after that we were angry at Hussein: Traitor! You gave away the West Bank to the Jews without even a war! All the shots fired by the Jordanian Army were just a little show! Hussein must have been bribed to give away the West Bank to the Jews after firing just a few shots! Toward the Israelis we felt only hatred and a desire for revenge: it wasn't enough that they took Jaffa away from us, that they took Haifa from us; now they've come along and taken Nablus as well! And there was a lot of hatred toward the entire world: the Americans sold us out; the English, the Russians and the French were all twisted around Zionism's little finger. Our hearts were full of hatred.

"And then something happened. One day in 1968 my mother asked me to take her to see some relatives in Acre. It was my first trip into Israel. We took a cab, and because the cabdriver had some business, we stayed for a while in Natanya. I looked around and I saw old people sitting on park benches in the sun, leaning on their canes, talking, just like the old people in Nablus. It was a little strange. It annoyed me. The Zionists should be soldiers! Let them be a brutal enemy! They're not supposed to look like the old people of Nablus! And then I saw little children playing in the street. And then I saw an elderly Jewish laborer drag an icebox and load it onto his cart, which was drawn by a donkey. All of a sudden it became difficult to hate them. They looked too much like human beings. That trip caused a small crisis in me. Perhaps something similar happens to a Jew who goes to Germany for the first time and finds that the streets are not filled with uniformed Nazis with jackboots and whips, but that there are old people, poor people; that there are lovely children; that there are human beings without horns and tails. It was hard! And afterward, as we were traveling, we wandered a bit around Haifa—on the Carmel ridge, in the park. Suddenly my mother urgently

The United States has planned flight tests of an anti-satellite weapon (ASAT) for the fall of 1983. The growing national debate over the development of ASAT technology focuses on key questions such as these:

- Do we lag behind the Soviets in ASAT technology?
- Will the rush to close the "ASAT gap" actually jeopardize U.S. security?

A new report from the Union of Concerned Scientists examines the questions—and the answers.

Anti-Satellite Weapons: Arms Control or Arms Race? was prepared by a panel of experts on space weapons and technology to explain the facts and theories behind the development of ASAT weaponry. The report looks at the problems associated with anti-satellite weapons and poses a solution—a model treaty to ban testing and development of both Soviet and U.S. ASATs.

Anti-Satellite Weapons: Arms Control or Arms Race? is available for $3.00 per copy from the Union of Concerned Scientists, Dept. NA, 26 Church Street, Cambridge, MA 02238. 617-547-5552.

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needed a toilet, and I realized that I had to go up to some Jew and ask him where the toilets were. I realized, but I just couldn't do it. There were a lot of Jews around, and I was incapable of talking to them. Totally incapable, as though under a spell. In the meantime my mother was suffering. Finally my mother herself went up to a young Jewish woman and explained her problem without words, because they had no language in common; I watched how this girl took my mother by the arm, like this, as if she were hugging her, and led her to the toilets at the edge of the park. Do you know what I did? I began to cry. Like a child, I couldn't stop. When my mother came back and saw me she got frightened. She asked me what had happened to me—why the tears—and I cried and cried and didn't know what to say to her. Shall I tell you something? To this very day I don't understand those tears.

"After that I began to read about Israel, to read voraciously, and to talk to Israelis. There were many meetings. I read the Bible. I read Israeli poets, in English: Bialik, Amichai. I read books about your history and I read books about Zionism. It was through this that I began to understand the nature of the Palestinian movement. Do you know that the Palestinian problem was mentioned in the Bible? Yes! The Palestinians were the Philistines. They were the peoples of Canaan. Somehow our story and yours are repeating themselves.

"I am working on a novel now, *The Turn of the Key in the Lock*. It's about political detention. I was in jail for several months because my books were published in Beirut, without my permission. The army found some of my books in the possession of travelers crossing the Allenby Bridge checkpoint. They threw me into the Nablus prison because of it, accused me of membership in the P.L.O., searched my house and confiscated my books and manuscripts. And while I was in prison they tried to extract all sorts of admissions from me. There was a lot of humiliation involved. Sadism, too. They didn't treat me like the enemy—I could have accepted that somehow—no, they treated me like I was slightly retarded. A dimwitted Arab.

"Starting next month, I've decided to print a monthly article about Israeli literature in *Al-Fajr*. Our people should know."

Should know what?

"That the adversary is a human being! Brutal, but human. And they should know that the adversary himself has suffered greatly. That the only solution is compromise. There is no other solution. Israeli writers say the same thing, don't they?"

But what sort of compromise?

"Well, there is one solution that is a dream: a common state. And then there is a realistic solution: two separate, independent states. Perhaps the realistic solution will ultimately lead to the ideal one."

Abu Haled, why are you so eager to go to bed with the Jews? To live with them in a common state? Why not a joint state with Jordan?

"Look, we've learned something from you. We want to be an open, pluralistic, democratic society. And that is not about to happen so soon with Jordan. We still remember King Hussein, all right. I, for one, am willing to state openly and out loud today: The Jews have a historical claim to part of Palestine. Your forefathers were here, along with our forefathers. Your suffering grants you rights, as does our suffering. I accept that. Do you know what was the hardest thing for me to accept, the hardest thing for me to swallow? That we are two similar peoples. That our fates are interlocked. Am I happy about it? No, not at all. You are not happy about it, either. But nothing can be done about that anymore: we are linked together. You are our destiny. We are your destiny. Our respective disasters, yours and ours, for decades in this land—these very disasters have welded us together. And that's it. Either we will continue our stubbornness until we destroy each other completely, or we will recognize each other and recognize the tie between us, and then, maybe, there will be an end to the suffering. Perhaps. My tears in Haifa that I told you about—perhaps it was my hatred that wept then, because it was dying. My hatred is dead. Now I have only bitterness and anger, but no more hatred. There's nothing we can do about it: here in this land, we are welded together, Jews and Arabs, forever." □

THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE

Fair Trade, Free Trade, Full Trade

LANCE COMPA

Protectionist sentiment is running high in the American labor movement and much of the liberal community these days. "Fair trade" is the byword among those who charge that foreign producers, particularly the Japanese, are "targeting" sectors of the American market while their governments are denying entry to U.S. exports. "No more Uncle Sucker" has been Walter Mondale's rallying cry in his pursuit of labor endorsements. Union-backed "Buy American" provisions are routinely attached to Federal spending measures. "Domestic content" laws, which require that a certain proportion of the parts in foreign cars sold in the United States be American made, are high on unions' legislative agendas. A Japanese-car-bashing was the highlight of Solidarity Day III in Detroit this Labor Day. Unions are pushing the Reagan Administration for measures to protect import-sensitive products such as specialty steel and machine tools.

Fair-trade advocates make a good case for their ideas. Many countries provide generous subsidies to firms that export their products and erect obstacles to imports. In Japan, for example, nontariff barriers are rooted in customs procedures, product standards, testing requirements and government purchasing practices.

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Critics of Japan's policies are not inclined to cite the United States' own subsidies and trade barriers. U.S. firms receive hidden subsidies in the form of tax abatements, low-interest loans, reduced workers' compensation and unemployment compensation benefits, free water and sewer connections and various other inducements to relocate. In the past decade, devices like trigger-price mechanisms, bilateral quotas, multilateral arrangements and "voluntary restraint" have all been used by the Federal government to limit imports—at the behest of industries threatened by foreign competition.

U.S. multinationals obtain tax deductions—in effect, subsidies—for exports by setting up paper companies called DISCs (Domestic International Sales Corporations). Federal research and development grants and fat cost-plus production contracts have long subsidized arms manufacturers and have helped make military goods a leading U.S. export. American agriculture has been the beneficiary of price supports for decades. The Export-Import Bank makes low-interest loans to foreign buyers to help them purchase American-made goods. In short, when the United States charges its trading partners with unfairness and hypocrisy, it is not with entirely clean hands.

How much is the government to blame for growing U.S. trade deficits (more than $100 billion in the first half of 1983)? In the past, the United States nearly always had a healthy trade surplus in manufactures; deficits in the 1970s were largely a result of costly oil imports. Hundreds of thousands of American workers are usually busy building and shipping abroad commercial aircraft, farm and construction equipment, turbine generators, industrial machinery and other capital goods, whose value exceeds that of imported consumer goods. Many of the unions concerned about excessive imports have thousands of members producing goods for export. The U.S. companies that exported the largest volume of goods in 1982 include General Electric, General Motors, Boeing, Ford, Caterpillar Tractor, Chrysler, Westinghouse, Raytheon, John Deere, Ingersoll-Rand, Sperry, Alcoa and International Harvester—all largely unionized companies. Many workers are aware that foreign orders keep them working. The question is, How can their firms get more foreign orders and put people back on the job?

The major cause of the country's recent trade deficits is the overvaluation of the dollar. Up over 25 percent against some currencies, it has priced U.S. goods out of foreign markets and made foreign goods more attractive to Americans. Since the overvaluation of the dollar is mainly a result of high interest rates, which in turn are related to the huge Federal deficit, the labor movement should not be railing against imports; it should be looking at military spending, which is ballooning the deficit. But the militaristic overtones of labor's calls for protectionism stand in the way of such critical analysis. The steel, auto, electrical and machine tool industries must be saved, many union leaders argue, because they will be needed to turn out troop carriers, tanks, bombs and artillery in the event of a war with the Soviet Union. There are many good reasons to save these industries, but to suggest that the next war will be like World War II, with assembly lines humming and daily reports from the front, is a tragic deception.

The basic issue is not who is right and who is wrong about the effects of foreign imports but whether the energy and activism of the American labor movement should be expended on a protectionist crusade. Unions can only devote a limited amount of resources and organizational muscle to political mobilizing. Their members have only so much time and energy they can spare for union causes. For unions to invest their human and political capital in rallies and marches against imports, foreign-car-bashings, lobbying for protectionist legislation and the like is a mistake.

"Stop Imports" and "Buy American" are stirring slogans, but they are devoid of political content. They define the enemy as foreign products and, by implication, foreign workers. They ignore the role of multinational corporations, the tendency of U.S. foreign policy to prop up right-wing regimes that provide havens for runaway shops, and the contradictions inherent in a capitalistic trading system.

The labor movement must formulate a positive trade program that would mobilize its members against the multinationals and challenge their dominance of the trading system. Instead of promoting protectionist fair trade or nonexistent free trade, American unions should be promoting a *full-trade* policy that would encourage the export of goods made by U.S. workers and curb the export of jobs by U.S. multinationals. But labor cannot eat its cake and still have it: a full-trade policy must permit imports.

A full-trade program must start with the assumption that there is plenty of work to be done. For all the talk about small-batch production runs and flexible manufacturing cycles, the world still needs airliners, tractors, bulldozers, cranes, machine tools, turbine parts, pumps, compressors and other mass-manufactured goods, and the kind of skilled and semiskilled work force that the United States has is needed to make them. The first steps toward achieving a full-trade policy are cutting military spending and shifting national budget priorities to the civilian sector. Investment in the development and production of high-quality commercial goods—on which Japanese and European manufacturers are now cleaning up—would tap a reservoir of creativity among American engineers, designers and workers who are now employed in defense production. Americans could be making a wide variety of products that are competitive in the world market rather than fancier missiles.

There is great potential for developing new products in industries in which the United States has the technology and mass-production techniques to be a world leader: pollution control systems, mass transit and railroad equipment, medical equipment and geothermal and small hydropower generators.

Ten years ago, the United States was in the forefront in the development of magnetic levitation systems, which enable high-speed passenger trains to run a fraction of an inch above the track. But cuts in Federal funding for that project, coupled with lures from Pentagon planners, caused the

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M.I.T. scientists working on "Mag-Lev" to switch to missile guidance research, while Japanese and West German engineers stayed with Mag-Lev. Hundreds of thousands of unemployed steelworkers, auto workers, machinists and electrical workers could be rebuilding America's rail network and producing rail equipment for export. Instead, foreign producers will be selling the next generation of mass transit equipment to the American market.

U.S. multinational corporations and banks will probably cash in on Mag-Lev and other technologies developed by foreign companies, while allowing industries in this country to languish. That is why a positive trade program must impose social controls on the investment policies of U.S. multinationals. Complaints about foreign competition are often misplaced, since many foreign firms are financed by U.S. banks and enter into joint ventures and licensing agreements with U.S. multinationals. The domestic content bill applies to General Motors and Ford as well as to Toyota and Nissan; as such, it is a good beginning. But the country needs a trade policy that would reach all multinationals, not one limited to a single industry.

Labor should begin by taking a leaf from the multinationals' own public relations book. They claim their foreign investments create more jobs in the United States than are lost as a result of a "pull-through" effect; i.e., their investments fuel demand for additional American-made parts, services and related exports. General Electric, for example, insists that its foreign operations have created a net gain of more than 30,000 jobs in the United States.

Rather than seeking to halt imports, unions should back legislation that would make all multinationals do what G.E. says it is doing. Before it creates jobs abroad, a company should be required to create an equal number of jobs in the United States. If a company's foreign investments shift work from a domestic plant, it should provide new jobs for the laid-off workers. Moreover, companies should retrain workers and retool plants in order to convert to the production of higher-value-added goods, which American workers are best able to produce. These measures would force companies to manufacture here the very products that can propel the country to an export-led revival.

Multinational banks and banking consortiums that finance foreign investments by U.S. firms should be held to the same standards: they should be required to underwrite projects in the United States that will create at least as many jobs here. If they finance an overseas venture that would result in direct job losses here, they should also finance retraining and retooling to provide jobs for the affected workers.

Companies should be required to negotiate so-called conversion clauses in union contracts: provisions that spell out what products would be substituted if the manufacture of a traditional line is moved to a cheaper labor site, and how retraining and retooling would be implemented. A conversion clause might have saved the jobs of 1,000 General Electric workers in Ontario, California, last year when the company closed its electric hand-iron plant there and opened plants to manufacture plastic irons in Singapore and Brazil. The United States now imports those irons. If there had been a conversion clause in the contract, the workers and their union could have convinced G.E. to shift one of its growth-sector products, like medical testing equipment, to the Ontario plant.

A full-trade program must also do away with the tax incentives that encourage U.S. companies to open plants abroad. U.S. tariff schedules give multinationals special exemptions from import duties on goods they assemble abroad; those incentives are largely responsible for the *maquiladora* corridor of U.S. electrical companies in Mexico, just across the border.

U.S. companies are able to defer taxes on foreign profits, and they are allowed a tax credit, not just a deduction, for taxes paid to foreign governments. On top of that, multinationals are cushioned by the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, a kind of F.D.I.C. for multinationals. OPIC insures companies against losses stemming from revolutions and wars abroad, including popular rebellions against U.S.-backed military rulers.

Ultimately, a full-trade program must be based on worker-to-worker understanding and trade union solidarity across national boundaries. Rank-and-file workers, not just high-level officials, should visit foreign workplaces and meet with all foreign workers. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. ban on contact with Communist trade unionists, the mainstream labor leaders in many countries, should be revoked.

Unions that represent workers at multinational corporations should step up their efforts to coordinate bargaining, strike support, information exchanges and other activities with one another. U.S. support for regimes that entice runaway shops by banning or harassing unions should be aggressively challenged by the American labor movement. It

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The Illuminated Vortex

Understanding how the in-cylinder flow of the fuel-air mixture is influenced by chamber geometry provides a key to improving engine performance. By applying a laser measurement technique, a researcher at the General Motors Research Laboratories has gained new insight into the behavior of the flow.

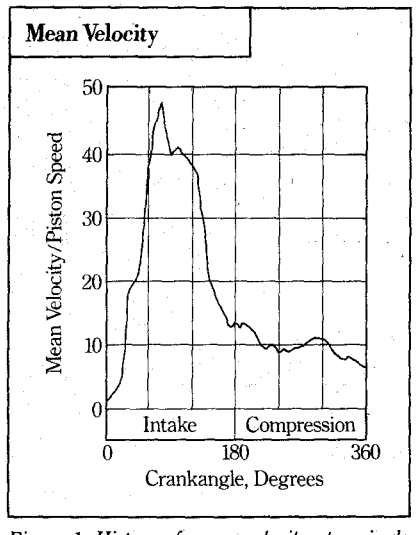


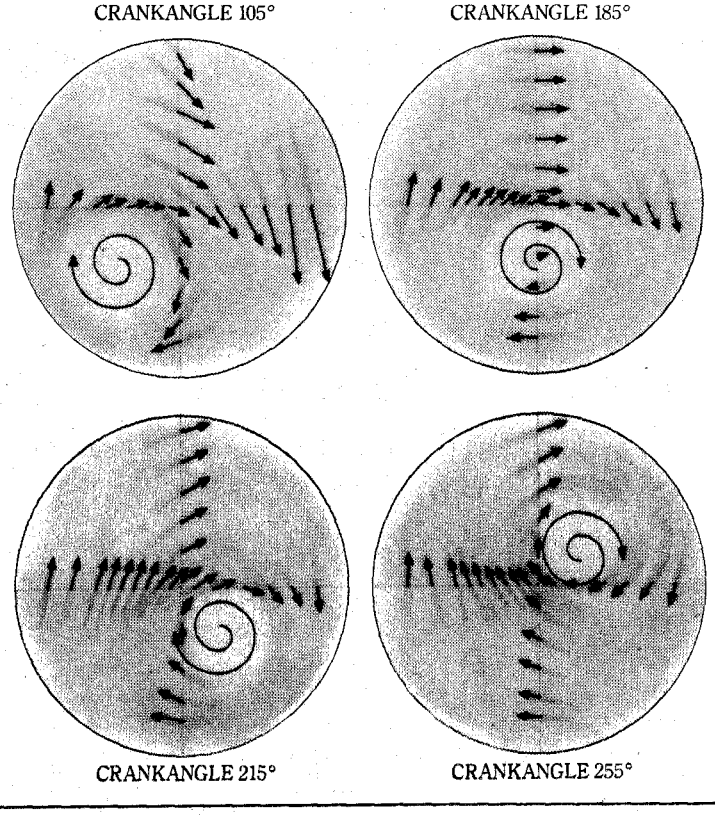
Figure 1: History of mean velocity at a single engine location.

Figure 2: Panoramic view of engine flow patterns. With changing crankangle, the center of rotation precesses from the cylinder's lower left quadrant to its upper right quadrant.

THE FLUID motions inside engine cylinders have considerable influence over the progress of combustion. Mixing of air and fuel, combustion rate, and heat losses from the cylinder are all important transport processes strongly dependent on fluid motions. The motion inside the cylinder has two components. Mean velocity influences the transport of momentum, energy, and species on a cylinder-wide scale, while the turbulence component influences the same phenomena on a local basis. The in-cylinder flow field depends primarily on the geometry of the cylinder and inlet port. Hence, decisions made in the engine design stage exert a controlling influence over the flow. But before questions about how different geometrical features affect the flow field can be answered, the problem of how to measure the flow must be solved. By applying Laser Doppler Anemometry (LDA), Dr. Rodney Rask, a researcher at the General Motors Research Laboratories, has obtained detailed measurements of the flow field.

LDA is a technique in which two focused laser beams pass into the cylinder through a quartz window. In the minute measuring region where the laser beams cross, a regular pattern of interference fringes is created. As the 1-micron particles, which have been added to the engine inlet flow, cross the measurement region, they scatter light in the bright fringes. In Dr. Rask's LDA system, the scattered light is collected by the same lenses used to focus the laser beam, and measured by a photomultiplier tube. The resulting signal is processed electronically to determine the time it takes a particle to traverse a fixed number of fringes. Since the fringe spacing is a known function of the laser beam crossing angle, this transit time provides a direct measure of velocity.

During operation of the LDA, measurements of velocity as a function of engine rotation (crankangle) are made at a number of locations within the cylinder. The instantaneous velocity at each point must then be separated into mean and turbulence components. The simplest technique is to declare that the mean velocities for all cycles are identical and ensemble average the data. However, this approach ignores the cyclic variation in the mean velocity. Another technique looks at individual cycles and uses a variety of methods, including sophisticated filtering, to split the instantaneous velocity into its components. This



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approach is consistent with the LDA measurements, which clearly show that the mean velocity does not repeat exactly from one engine cycle to the next.

Differences in the flow field from one cycle to the next can seriously compromise engine efficiency. Near the end of the compression stroke, it is important to maintain a consistent velocity at key cylinder locations (e.g., at a spark plug). Dr. Rask's LDA measurements have identified design features that control cyclic variability.

FIGURE 1 shows mean velocity measured at a single location during an engine cycle. High velocity exists during the intake stroke when the inlet flow is rushing through the narrow valve opening. This jet-like flow into the cylinder causes large velocity differences between adjacent cylinder locations and produces strong turbulence. As the end of the intake stroke is approached (180 degrees in Figure 1), the levels of both mean velocity and turbulence drop rapidly. This decrease is a result of the changing boundary conditions for the cylinder—from strong inflow to no inflow. During the compression stroke the flow field evolves, but it undergoes no drastic changes. However, in a high-squish chamber, where the flow is forced into a small bowl in the piston or cylinder head, considerable turbulence is generated near the end of the compression stroke.

Measurements from many cylinder locations are necessary to make the flow field understandable. Figure 2 shows four flow patterns covering a period from near the end of intake into the compression stroke. Note the strong vortical flow, with the center of the vortex away from the cylinder center and precessing with changing crankangle.

By experimenting with geometrical variables, Dr. Rask has gained new understanding of phenomena observed in operating engines. The resulting knowledge has guided the design and development of new engines with a minimum of trial-and-error testing. The LDA findings are also being used to validate and calibrate engine flow computer models under development.

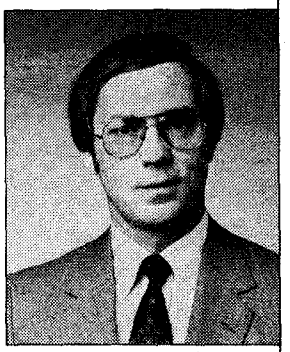
"From our measurements," Dr. Rask states, "we have been able to deduce how changes in the geometry of the port and combustion chamber modify the velocity field. These flow field effects are now being used to help designers tailor engine combustion for optimum performance."

General Motors

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Rodney Rask is a Senior Staff Research Engineer in the Fluid Mechanics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Rask received his undergraduate and graduate degrees in mechanical engineering from the University of Minnesota. His Ph.D. thesis concerned the Coanda effect.

Prior to joining General Motors in 1973, Dr. Rask worked on the design of nuclear reactors at the Knoll's Atomic Power Laboratories. In addition to further refinements in LDA measurement techniques, his current research interests include computer simulation of engine systems, with special emphasis on the intake manifold.

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might seek to persuade Congress to make foreign aid, I.M.F. funding and other forms of international financing contingent on the recipient country's recognition of organizing and bargaining rights, and on its enforcement of decent working conditions.

Only a massive program of worker-to-worker contact and union-to-union cooperation can overcome the pressures that push workers and their unions toward cutthroat competition with one another. United behind a full-trade program, labor movements should press their governments for full-employment policies, international fair labor standards, expanded trade union rights, protection against plant shutdowns and runaway shops, a reversal of the arms race and other steps to improve working and living conditions. Isolated in protectionist huddles, however, intent on beating foreign workers in a trade war, the U.S. labor movement can accomplish none of those goals. □

THE 'MODEL' SHATTERED

Brazil, The Banks, The Third World

PENNY LERNOUX

São Paulo

It has long been a maxim of New York bankers that countries cannot go bankrupt. But Brazil is proving the contrary. Perhaps the lesson of its current financial troubles is that countries can be driven into bankruptcy by New York bankers.

Engulfed in the worst economic crisis in its history, Brazil is already in default on $2.7 billion in interest and other payments on its $90 billion foreign debt, $55 billion of which is held by U.S., European and Japanese banks. With a deficit of $4.7 billion in foreign reserves, the government has been forced to pay cash for such crucial imports as oil, and some of Brazil's suppliers now demand payment in advance on shipments already contracted for.

Nobody in Brazil, bankers included, believes the country can get through the coming year without a major rescheduling of the debt or a unilateral moratorium on all payments, either of which would probably have significant consequences for debt negotiations throughout the Third World and send shock waves through the American banking industry.

Brazil's economic problems are complicated by a leadership vacuum in the government. President João Baptista Figueiredo's military regime is a pale version of the tough-fisted dictatorships that ruled Brazil for fifteen years after the 1964 coup, and it has lied so often about the debt crisis that it has lost all credibility with foreign bankers as well as Brazilians. It has been beset by scandals (charges of corruption have been made against Figueiredo's son and against his economic czar, Antonio Delfim Neto) and buffeted by a large, vociferous opposition that includes disaffected generals, industrialists, the independent labor movement, the disillusioned middle class and a militant Catholic Church. Most people agree that Figueiredo and Delfim must go, but there is no consensus on who should replace them.

U.S. bankers are proving to be more Brazilian than the Brazilians. Not only do they disagree on who should represent them in debt negotiations with the Brazilian government, but they are squabbling about who is responsible for the mess and which bank should get the last dollar to be squeezed from the country. When Brazil's major U.S. creditors met recently in Washington, their sessions became "an exercise in name-calling," according to informed sources. European bankers, who have been falling over themselves to get out of Brazil, blame its problems on the shortsightedness of the big U.S. banks. "They insist that interest is 'sacred,'" said one banker. Another said, "The New York banks don't see that by continuing to demand exorbitant short-term rates to roll over loans, they are pushing Brazil into certain default. It's like pouring oil on a fire."

While the size of Brazil's debt remains a mystery—even the government has lost track—conservative estimates indicate that the country needs at least $4.5 billion in foreign loans if it is to meet its obligations this year, and more than three times that amount for debt service next year. Total long-term debt payments in 1984 will be approximately $22.8 billion, so even if the government achieves an $8 billion trade surplus (it achieved a $6 billion surplus this year, mainly through a brutal reduction in imports), it will still need $14.8 billion in new loans to pay off old ones. Those figures do not include the $11 billion in short-term loans that will come due in 1984, and they are based on the assumption that U.S. interest rates will not rise—every time the U.S. prime rate increases by 1 percent, Brazil must pay $500 million more in interest. Balanced against these needs are a $6.5 billion loan package promised by foreign bankers for early 1984 and another $5.4 billion in credit guarantees and loans from foreign governments. No matter how the Brazilian Economic Ministry juggles the figures, there is no disguising a gap of at least $7.4 billion for 1983-84.

About half the debt was incurred by Brazil's ambitious military rulers to finance a series of grandiose projects that were often marked by corruption and bureaucratic stupidity. But at least one-quarter of what Brazil owes is in the form of unconscionably high interest rates. São Paulo banker Herbert Levy, who owns Brazil's equivalent of *The Wall Street Journal*, estimates that the increase in international interest levels caused by high rates in the United States added some $24 billion to Brazil's dollar-denominated debt. (Though most of the debt was contracted at rates of 8 percent or less, floating rates have pushed interest as high as 23 percent.) Many Brazilians agree with Levy that debt negotiations will be pointless unless they address the crucial question of the crippling effect of domestic interest rates, which are increasing by 155 percent a year.

While publicly wringing their hands over the situation, foreign banks are making whopping profits from the Brazil-

Penny Lernoux, The Nation*'s Latin America correspondent, is author of the forthcoming* In Banks We Trust *(Doubleday).*

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ian crisis. According to DIEESE, a respected São Paulo economic institute which compiles cost-of-living and other statistics, profits foreign banks made in Brazil rose 126 percent from 1981 to 1982. Citibank's profits rose 187 percent in that period, and Brazilian loan payments accounted for 20 percent of its worldwide profits last year.

Obviously, something has to give in this equation. So far, it has been the standard of living of a majority of Brazilians, whose real wages have plummeted 20 percent in the past year, and production in Brazilian factories, which have had to lay off millions of workers. There is no social cushion for such calamities, since Brazil has neither unemployment insurance nor welfare. The minimum wage is less than $30 a month. Government statistics show that this amount does not even cover the average family's monthly food bill—never mind rent, clothing or transportation. There is a point beyond which sacrifices by workers are meaningless: even if Brazil were to starve its people, it still would not be able to come up with sufficient money to service the debt.

Many Third World nations are in the same bind, of course. But there is something unique about Brazil's political and economic situation that could make it the leader in restructuring relations between North and South—if the Brazilians can get their act together. With its diversified economy, its large population and its huge land mass rich in natural resources, Brazil is probably the only developing nation that could say to hell with its First World creditors and survive, possibly even thrive. Brazil's economy is the West's eighth largest in terms of gross national product, and it can produce almost everything it needs except oil. Even the lack of oil can be made up for in time, since an increasing proportion of the country's cars, trucks and buses are fueled by alcohol produced on Brazilian sugar plantations. If First World banks embargoed half the country's $27 billion in annual exports, Brazil would still have enough cash to buy petroleum. With such a "war-based economy," says a Canadian banker, "the government would obviously give top priority to Brazilian industries to enable them to convert from oil to other energy sources, such as electricity," which Brazil has in abundance.

The alternatives could hardly be worse. As a Brazilian economist observed, "We are going to have to make enormous sacrifices, whether we service the debt or declare a moratorium. But sacrifices for whom? To pay the interest of greedy New York bankers or to free the next generation of Brazilians from debt bondage? Most Brazilians would opt for the latter, particularly since they had no say in contracting the debt in the first place."

Seen in this light, a moratorium looks very attractive. Instead of turning over billions of dollars to foreign bankers, Brazil could use the funds for internal development. It would not be the first time Brazil declared a moratorium: during the 1930s it suspended all debt repayment, as did most Latin American countries. The rest of the region would undoubtedly follow Brazil's lead today, opening the way to a genuine realignment of financial power between North and South.

While a unilateral moratorium may seem inconceivable, U.S. bankers and government officials have done everything possible to encourage the Brazilians to get off the money-go-round. With Olympian disdain for both the Brazilian government and other foreign bankers, Citibank, Chase Manhattan, Morgan Guaranty and Bankers Trust insisted earlier this year on taking all responsibility for putting together a series of loan packages to enable Brazil to roll over some of its debt. Despite considerable arm-twisting, other banks refused to cooperate, and the packages quickly fell apart. The group was then expanded from four to fourteen U.S. banks so as to appear more representative, but by that time many of Brazil's 800 creditors, including regional U.S. banks, had decided to write off their Brazilian loans as losses, and they refused to lend another penny. "The money-center banks told us they'd make sure we'd never get back into Brazil again if we didn't play ball," said an officer of a medium-sized bank. "We said, That's fine with us."

When the New York banks could not put Humpty Dumpty together again, the International Monetary Fund was called in. But the I.M.F. package, announced in late September, has only muddied the picture further, because its conditions are contradictory and unattainable, as bankers themselves admit. To combat Brazil's hyperinflation, the fund called for drastic reductions in wages. Following traditional free-market doctrines, it demanded that government subsidies for oil and other necessities be reduced, which would push up prices and fuel inflation. Thus one measure cancels out the other. "I wouldn't hesitate to give the Nobel Prize for Chemistry to those in charge of economic policy if they could explain how they intend to fulfill the I.M.F.'s conditions," said industrialist Antonio Ermírio de Moraes.

Since the country has been sliding down the debt chute for nearly three years, Brazilians have become well informed about the I.M.F. and the foreign debt. The economic crisis is the subject of the daily lead story in newspapers and on radio and television shows. As lawyer Márcio Thomaz Bastos put it, "Before, every Brazilian was an expert on soccer; now we've become a nation of economists." While unaware of the intricacies of the debt dance, even the unemployed in the *favelas* of Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo have made the connection between hunger and foreign banks. In recent weeks, 184 supermarkets in those cities have been looted by mobs of ragged men and women shouting anti-I.M.F. slogans. At a September 25 outdoor protest in São Paulo, attended by some 50,000 people, Cardinal Paulo Evaristo Arns put the situation bluntly: "Brazilians have a right to decide their own destiny. If [foreign bankers] want to give us advice, then let them first stop exploiting Brazil with their exorbitant interest rates and profits."

Such demonstrations reflect political liberalization as much as social desperation. A decade ago they would have been brutally repressed, but since 1979, when the military began a gradual transition to popular rule under the *abertura*, opposition parties and labor unions have become active. Even if the military decided to intervene in politics—a long-shot possibility in view of its serious internal divisions—there is no guarantee that the increasingly politicized masses would accept a return to dictatorship without con-

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siderable bloodshed, or that a new military regime would not repudiate the debt.

The I.M.F. package has galvanized popular opposition to debt repayment because, from the Brazilian viewpoint, it is evidence that Figueiredo's government has ceded control over the country's affairs to the international bankers. When the fund's proposed wage law was resoundingly defeated by the Brazilian Congress in September, the President's own party voted against it. The defeat marked the first time since 1964 that Congress had dared to defy the government. In late October, Congress rejected a new version of the same law.

Planning Minister Delfim assured U.S. bankers that I.M.F. austerity measures would be put into effect one way or another, provoking more demands for a unilateral moratorium. U.S. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan announced in late September that if a wage law wasn't passed, he "shudder[ed] to think what will happen to Brazil"—a statement promptly interpreted by most Brazilian leaders as unacceptable U.S. interference in their country's affairs. "The Reagan Administration is taking a tough line with Brazil as a lesson to others," said Congressman Ulisses Guimarães, head of the Brazilian Democratic Movement, the nation's principal opposition party. "It fears that, because of Brazil's size, the day it breaks the dike, Washington will be unable to contain Venezuela, Colombia, Argentina, Chile and other countries. . . . We are a type of Vietnam, or Korea, in the world of finance."

I.M.F. managing director Jacques de Larosière did not help matters when he echoed Regan, saying Brazil would "go down the drain" if the wage law was not approved. Editorials along the same line in *The Washington Post* and *The Wall Street Journal* further enraged Brazilians. Economists here pointed out that such opinions reflected a misreading of conditions in Brazil as well as a failure to add up the figures. As a Brazilian banker pointed out, "Why should we risk more social unrest and the political advancements we have achieved with *abertura* when Brazil can't pay anyway?"

Although Brazil is riding the crest of a wave of anti-gringo nationalism, few bankers or businessmen here believe a moratorium is likely, because the political opposition is as divided as the military. A more likely scenario, they say, has Brazil slipping deeper into arrears, falling further behind on ever-larger interest payments, until the bankers have no choice but to renegotiate the entire debt, stretching it over twenty or thirty years with lower interest rates and a long enough grace period to give Brazil a chance to breathe again. While the big U.S. banks will undoubtedly fight such a compromise, representatives of European, Canadian, Japanese and smaller U.S. banks say there is no alternative. "The I.M.F. and the New York banks managed to Band-Aid Mexico's problems when it defaulted on its debt last year," said a European banker. "They think they can go on using the same tactics for countries like Brazil and Argentina, but they can't because the Band-Aid won't stick. We need long-term solutions, not improvisations."

As *The Economist* has remarked, "Better to work on a system that allows banks which deserve to go bust to do so without busting everybody else." In Brazil's case only a few banks would be seriously hurt by debt renegotiations or a moratorium, but they are very big ones—Citibank, Chase Manhattan, Morgan Guaranty, Bankers Trust, Manufacturers Hanover, Bank of America and First National of Boston. Citibank's exposure in Brazil exceeds its entire capitalization of $4.8 billion. Because banks have become so interdependent, the troubles of one can affect all the others, particularly when the troubled bank is a big player in the Eurocurrency markets, like Citibank. Thus while many bankers would like to see the aggressive New York giant get its just deserts for gambling in Brazil, they worry that the entire system would go under if Washington did not come to the rescue. U.S. Congressional sources say that is precisely what Citibank and other large financial institutions are counting on—that the Federal Reserve will serve as the lender of last resort because it cannot afford to allow the collapse of one or more of the nation's biggest banks. Some kind of bail-out seems inevitable, if only because the alternatives are far worse.

As U.S. financiers privately admit, the banking community has known for several years that most of the loans it was making to Brazil and other developing countries would not be repaid. But so long as the interest kept rolling in, that hardly mattered: it soon equaled or surpassed the principal. Now that the money-go-round is spinning out of control, banks will have to accept major losses on the Third World's $700 billion debt, even with expert jiggery-pokery by their accountants. As a result, there may actually be some transfer of wealth from North to South, thanks to the greed and stupidity of the First World's leading capitalists. How much is impossible to predict, since most countries face the same muddled debt situation as Brazil, not knowing themselves how much they owe.

Perhaps more important for North-South relations is that Brazil may emerge from the present crisis with a new view of economic development. For years the darling of multinationals and banks, Brazil followed a model for growth that other Third World countries were urged to emulate. That model, which entailed excessive dependence on foreign financing to build up an export trade controlled by U.S., European and Japanese corporations, is the source of its present troubles. Like the governments of many other Third World countries, Brazil's military regimes ignored the nation's domestic market, blindly accepting the World Bank's claim that export earnings would trickle down to the people. They did not; instead, the government's policies led to the impoverishment of a majority of Brazil's 130 million people. Today the model is in disrepute, and even its military architects have begun to understand the great potential of the domestic market, which should have been the cornerstone of development in the first place. That is not to suggest that capitalism has lost the war in Brazil, but it is significant that the most industrialized nation in Latin America is beginning to appreciate the need to devise its own economic and political solutions. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Of Compromise and Corruption

KAREN ROSENBERG

THE COMPROMISE. *By Sergei Dovlatov. Translated by Anne Frydman. Alfred A. Knopf. 148 pp. $11.95.*

USSR: THE CORRUPT SOCIETY: The Secret World of Soviet Capitalism. *By Konstantin Simis. Translated by Jacqueline Edwards and Mitchell Schneider. Simon and Schuster. 316 pp. $14.95.*

FINAL JUDGMENT: My Life as a Soviet Defense Attorney. *By Dina Kaminskaya. Translated by Michael Glenny. Simon and Schuster. 364 pp. $18.95.*

American reporting on Soviet dissidents bears a striking resemblance to medieval hagiography: one or two details are given to provide a semblance of individuality (Anatoly Shcharansky loves chess, Aleksandr Ginzburg is reserved); major political trials and tribulations are chronicled; and the rest is abstraction—freedom, conscience, self-sacrifice. While the media exhaustively consider whether leading American political figures have the qualities of a congenial next-door neighbor (a position for which they are rarely running) and diligently expose the peccadilloes of native dissenters like Martin Luther King Jr., Soviet dissidents are made larger than life. A fuller account of these men and women is needed, not to tarnish their reputations but to reveal their human face.

If this mythologizing makes them seem strange, they are strangers in another sense as well, accepted in our culture only as alien phenomena, as products of the long Soviet tradition of a committed intelligentsia and as symptoms of the oppressiveness of Soviet socialism. At home there have been activists, protesters, radicals, resisters, maybe dissenters—but American "dissidents"? The special term obscures the supranational features of dissent: shared humanist values, a willingness to confront punishment, a sense of continuity with past and future activist-critics and a belief in the power of symbolic statements. Surely it should be possible to acknowledge the different risks and issues embraced by each nation's dissenters while recognizing their common features.

Setting apart militants by the use of a marked term also fragments the spectrum of Soviet dissent—perhaps it would be better to dispense with the word "dissident," with its overtones of otherness, and start charting the full range of social protest, from quiet but deliberate acts of noncompliance to staged-for-the-media events. Unless every non-dissident is to be dismissed as an unremitting careerist or a true believer, we need a guide to the various beasts in the Soviet forests. These books, all by recent émigrés, are worthy of note precisely because they describe how ordinary men and women, often of good will, have dealt with the obvious limits of a repressive state.

By its very title, *The Compromise*, an apparently autobiographical novel by Sergei Dovlatov, a former Soviet journalist, shatters the conventional dualism that pits a few Soviet rebels against the cowed masses. With the end of the Stalin era, fearful silence has been replaced by cynical talk which Soviet reporters have heard but have not been able to print, and this novel is concerned with that gap between the spoken and written word. Each chapter opens with a brief and sanitary story filed by the narrator, also named Dovlatov—and then presents the long and pungent tale behind the published text. At a reunion of former prisoners of fascist concentration camps, for instance, the survivors tell Dovlatov that after liberation they were shipped off to Soviet prisons in Kazakhstan, Komi and Mordovia. In Dovlatov's published story this fact is suggested in a double-edged phrase: "MEMORY IS A FORMIDABLE WEAPON!"

The Compromise is so ironic that it could be Czech—Dovlatov's gentle black humor owes more to Kundera and Skvorecky than to Solzhenitsyn. On the well-worn topics of anti-Semitism, Russification, prison camps and informers, Dovlatov manages to shock by his offhandedness; with a light, lyrical touch he sketches a society in which horrors are simply part of the scenery. A fellow journalist's search for a subject for the weekly radio interview series "A Meeting with an Interesting Person" yields a motley crew, including an inveterate Stalinist whose son has avoided military service for six years by pleading neuroses, an ulcer and arthritis, and a man who calls himself a "sort of dissident" but once served as a guard escorting prisoners. It's not easy to *épater* those who live among such characters: the Stalinist ("A personality is necessary you understand—a personality!") gets a rise out of the seasoned newsman only when he reveals that he abandoned his wife and son in 1939 after the execution of his father-in-law, Gen. I.E. Yakir, who had been accused of taking part in a plot to kill Stalin. "You . . . You . . . You . . . are not an interesting person!" Dovlatov's colleague exclaims, making a hasty departure. It's a nice reminder that political jokes are a major component of Soviet non-dissident dissent.

In Dovlatov's republic, citizens are neither innocents nor dupes. When the guitarist at a bar announces a song for "our friends who have just returned from the resort town of Vasalemma," the customers all recognize the name of the largest prison camp in Estonia. A nervous man who doesn't drink or work is no mystery. "Vagin's an informer," states a colleague. "What's mysterious about it?" But such knowledge is not a formidable weapon, since there's little anyone can do. The narrator knows; a kind of Soviet Humphrey Bogart, at once tough and vulnerable, he is sympathetic to the underdog—because he's been one—but only occasionally is he able to employ his skills for beneficent ends. And when he does it's a scam: his banal interview with a tourist in Tallinn is printed in *Estonian Youth* so the interviewee can get 25 rubles for her plane fare to Saratov where her fiancé is threatening suicide as he crams for exams. The girl's enthusiasm about tame squirrels in Empress Catherine Park and the volume of Aleksandr Blok's poetry she carries reverentially wherever she goes are invented (like everything else, except her name) by the kind, cynical, experienced narrator—after all, he can hardly write of her theatrical, pathetic attempts at following Western fashions or her abor-

Karen Rosenberg is a fellow of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University. Her reviews and articles have appeared in In These Times, The Boston Phoenix, Dissent *and other publications.*

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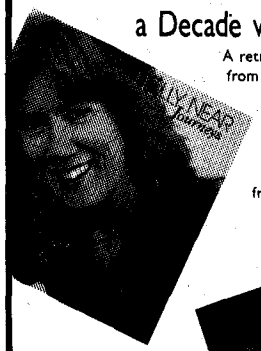
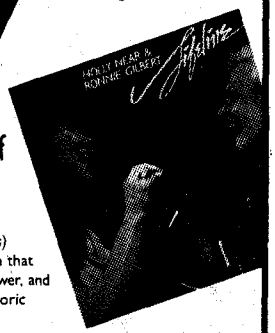
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tive affair with a sportswriter.

Aware of his own hypocrisy and complicity in deception, Dovlatov phrases his judgments of others gently, as jokes, and employs plenty of self-deprecating humor. He writes of offering a shipyard worker 25 rubles to name his son Lembit, at least temporarily, so that *Soviet Estonia* could announce that the 400,000th inhabitant of Tallinn, born on the eve of the annual Liberation Day festivities, bears the name of a local folk hero. So, for the price of two half-bottles of vodka and some snacks in a bar, baby Volodya becomes Lembit. There's a bit of the victim and the scoundrel in almost all Dovlatov's characters. "You stood watch over prisoners," the narrator's colleague reminds a potential interviewee for the "Interesting Person" program. The former convoy overseer answers, "It would be more correct to say we stood watch over ourselves."

By giving the narrator his own name, the author teases the reader with the truth of his tale. And though Dovlatov's portrait of a compromised people is too neat, too clever not to be fiction, it is reinforced by a study which aspires to social science rather than art, Konstantin Simis's *USSR: The Corrupt Society: The Secret World of Soviet Capitalism*. While working as an attorney and a senior research assistant at the Institute of Soviet Legislation of the Ministry of Justice, in Moscow, Simis consulted legal records, the Soviet press, clients, colleagues and acquaintances for stories of theft, bribery, high living at state expense and other forms of chicanery. He had planned to publish the first version of this book in the West under a pseudonym, but after the K.G.B. got hold of the text, he was expelled from the institute and offered the choice of a trial or emigration to Israel—Simis and his wife are Jewish. They left in 1977.

Suffering may inspire, but doesn't guarantee, the writing of a great work, and the major confusion in Simis's book is apparent from the contrast between his title and subtitle: corruption and private business (sometimes called the Soviet "second economy") are two different, if related, problems, which perhaps Sissela Bok could untangle. Secrecy, too, must be dissected—on the one hand there's a system of official privileges (special dining rooms and stores with better goods), which is legal but not publicly discussed, and on the other hand a black market, which is hidden because it's illegal. These separate issues are joined in Simis's book by a thread of angry disappointment: "Year after year since childhood and throughout my whole conscious life I watched as corruption ate more deeply into society until it turned the Soviet regime in the sixties and seventies into a land of corrupt rulers, ruling over a corrupted people." That the author, born in 1919, grew steadily more aware of the ills of Soviet society is obvious; that Soviet society changed in a unilinear—and downward—direction has not been proved in this book.

Historians and sociologists who study the Soviet Union must cultivate modesty and caution when information is spotty and unreliable. *USSR: The Corrupt Society* has both the advantages and the disadvantages of being personal and anecdotal. The rise of Minister of Culture Ekaterina Furtseva is, Simis states, "difficult to explain without accepting the version in circulation in Moscow concerning the romantic foundations of that career, a version that, among others, mentions the name of Nikita Khrushchev himself"—in short, she must have slept her way to the top. Maybe, but maybe she was more willing to be compromised in politics than in the bedroom. When it comes to economics, Simis is again hasty: noting the gap between the combined salaries of a typical working couple and their expenses, he explains that the difference is often made up by moonlighting, petty theft at work and black-marketeering—without mentioning the common and less sensational practice of seeking assistance from parents.

Simis's tales about underground millionaires and wheeler-dealers in high officialdom are the juiciest parts of his narrative, but the meat is his description of ordinary lives. A lawyer's list of weekly chores includes the name of the person who will expedite each matter—when there's no toilet paper on store shelves, a certain salesgirl will bring ten rolls to the employees' entrance for less than twice the set price. According to Simis, bribery is often employed to obtain the just and the necessary as well as the illegal and the superfluous (gifts win the *correct* decision in a court of law and the regular delivery of officially *allocated* material); it bespeaks citizens' lack of trust in the system. The bending or breaking of laws is, in part, a form of dissent, a vote of no confidence in established procedures, a sign of aliena-

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tion from, and even hostility to, the state.

Some Soviet problems are ones that Americans would find familiar: thievery in the workplace, cheating the state of revenue, bribing government employees are, after all, part of our regular news diet. The extent of corruption is unknown, both here (where even friends rarely reveal their sins) and there (Simis speaks of evils on every level of Soviet society but cannot know how much goes on at each level). Yet Simis assumes that America is comparatively pristine. In the fight against organized crime, "in a democratic country such as the United States the difficulties stem from a respect for legality and the basic principles of justice"—it's only in the Soviet Union that officials are paid off. And so, common ills are Sovietized, and flattered Americans are assured that they need not scrutinize themselves.

"This is a book in which I describe only the dark side of my country's life, only those people who found themselves drawn into corruption," notes Simis in concluding. A more balanced picture is drawn by his wife, Dina Kaminskaya, a former advocate (something like a defense attorney) who was well known and respected for her legal work on behalf of Soviet dissenters. With rare fair-mindedness, Kaminskaya describes both the limits of the Soviet system of justice and its accomplishments, found largely—predictably—in nonpolitical cases. There is subtlety, complexity and also drama in *Final Judgment*. Her tale of two country boys charged with rape and murder is an excellent mystery story as well as a sketch of Soviet village life: in Izmalkovo, near Moscow, a traditional professional mourner and a moralistic old Bolshevik both enjoy the respect of the community. If Simis demonstrates the persistence of Gogolian corruption, Kaminskaya proves that rural life remains as grotesque as in Leskov.

Kaminskaya reviews her political cases with the same openness to ambiguities and lack of romanticism. She allows herself to distinguish which of the demonstrators in Pushkin Square in 1967 stood there because of principled objections to unconstitutional laws, which went along out of friendship for their contemporaries in prison and which showed up on impulse. She perceives the brilliance and conviction of 24-year-old Vladimir Bukovsky, who organized the demonstration, but also his arrogance. She admires the dissenters' bravery while rejecting their intolerance:

> It sometimes seemed to me that certain dissidents were rather too attracted by the hazards in the political struggle. Talking to them I had a definite feeling that although they were fighting for the freedom to express their own opinions, they were insufficiently tolerant of the opinions and convictions of other people, and that they treated the fate of their sympathizers carelessly and with insufficient scruple. Once, returning home with my husband after one such conversation, I said to him, "You know, they are of course very worthy and courageous people, but I wonder what it would be like if by chance they were to come to power. I don't think I would like it."

Was Kaminskaya a dissident? Perhaps it would be more accurate to call her a supporter of the dissident's right to exist in freedom—but that distinction rarely means much to custodians of orthodoxy. A colleague in the association of defense attorneys called the Moscow College of Advocates (who

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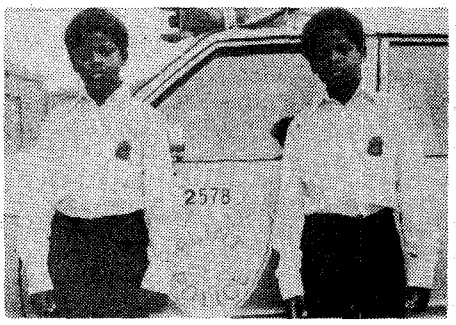

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1975–FBI Asst. Director of Intelligence Division Warnall discussing mail-intercepting projects testifies: " . . . we retain the material indefinitely . . . "

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everyone knew was involved with the K.G.B.) warned her in 1969 that "they" didn't like her specializing in political cases. Shortly thereafter, she was censured by a Tashkent court for lacking the necessary qualities of a Soviet advocate. In 1971 the Presidium of the Moscow College of Advocates overturned the censure but prohibited her from handling political cases because she had not stated her "civic position" by condemning the opinions of her Tashkent clients, Ilya Gabay and Mustafa Djamilev, who were charged with preparing and distributing "defamatory" documents and "lying fabrications" for chronicling the mistreatment of the Crimean Tartar minority.

But since nonconformist artists, Jewish activists and writers looking for foreign publishers still came to her for consultations, and since she remained friends with Western correspondents, she was followed by comically obvious agents in a vain attempt at intimidation. She knew her apartment had been bugged when the telephone receiver in one room echoed what was being said in another. After a police search revealed her husband's manuscript and foreign editions of proscribed writers, Kaminskaya and Simis were briefly detained, and the Procurator of Moscow recommended her expulsion from the College of Advocates. Like Dovlatov, the couple now lives in the United States.

These books depict a milieu that is foreign in many ways, but the sensibility that informs them is pre-eminently a moral one, and therefore familiar. Decent people under pressure crowd their pages, and it is not hard to imagine the pain of being one of them. Kaminskaya's strength is admirable, Dovlatov's compromises believable, Simis's bitterness understandable. Rather than use the facile, judgmental tone of the outsider who quickly tags heroes and villains, these émigrés speak with the tired voice of people who tried to live honestly and work conscientiously within Soviet socialism, and found it impossible. ☐

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MUSIC.

LINDA SANDERS

Recordings: 'Tristan und Isolde'

Of all the treatments Richard Wagner's operas have so far received during this centenary year, one would have to say that *Tristan und Isolde* has fared the best. This is due to the release of two recordings of the opera in the past six months by two of the genuinely interesting conductors on the international scene, Carlos Kleiber and Leonard Bernstein.

The performances are as different as the conductors themselves. Kleiber is considered by more and more people to be the most important conductor of the standard repertory today. He is the quintessence of self-effacement, the ur-musician of impeccable technique and acute sensibility. He inhabits a given musical landscape so naturally that the bold grace of his movements seems eccentric to those who do not inhabit it, the sort of people who think that astronauts walk weirdly on the surface of the moon. He has forgotten more about music than most conductors will ever know, and if the term "musical genius" means anything, he is one.

Then there is Bernstein. He is a genius, too, but a more problematic one. Much has been made of Kleiber's personal quirks—stories of his impossible rehearsal demands, disappearances, refusals to appear where he's begged to come and so on—but all this pales before Bernstein's persona. His signature brand of candor still astonishes, as it did in the recent *Opera News* interview where he gave us to understand not merely that his *Tristan* is great but that it probably marks the first time the opera has been fully realized. Bernstein claims to "become" the composer of the piece he is conducting, a role for which he has both the aptitude and the right, if anyone does. Yet the path he treads between interpretive empathy and narcissism is a narrow one, and it is not for nothing that his work on the podium is routinely—and malignly—depicted as an act of autoeroticism. Be that as it may, and inconsistent as he is and has always been, Bernstein's understanding of a composer is that of a personality with enough scope to match even the larger-than-life powers with which we invest the average masterpiece. For lesser, more timid conductors, the mysteries of a score like *Tristan* remain as impenetrable as voodoo.

Not to mince words, I found Kleiber's *Tristan* (with Staats Kapelle Dresden Orchestra, Deutsche Grammophon 2741 006) to be a performance that comes closer to the core of the opera than any of the best-known recordings, including—though it's a meaningless comparison except in the baldest consumer sense—Fürtwängler's classic version. No revisionist, Kleiber employs certain novelties of approach in this performance, but they almost invariably serve to reveal the work, not obscure it in the name of reinterpretation. Two are particularly conspicuous. The first is tempo: this is a *Tristan* that really moves. The second is his singers. Kleiber has cast as the lovers Margaret Price and René Kollo, whose voices are so light compared with the weight of a Nilsson or Flag-stad, the dark quality of a Melchior or even Bernstein's Peter Hofmann, as to be in a different vocal category altogether.

Does it work? Yes and no. The most interesting use of these voices is the love music in Act II. "O sink hernieder, Nacht der Liebe," often rendered passionately and rather lumpily by more gigantic lovers, is here cool, remote, dreamlike; the interplay between lines is luminous and clear. The lovers are less in the throes of passion than in the land of the lotus eaters, a marvelous state that persists throughout their increasingly ecstatic music, making the monstrous chord that announces their discovery by King Marke and his men indescribably harrowing. On the other hand, Tristan's delirium in Act III is not well served by the relatively light-textured sound. Kleiber fails to set up these dark moments as well as he might and Kollo's limited resources preclude its being a tour de force.

Along those same lines, Price sings Isolde's "Liebestod" less as a transcendent apotheosis than as a kind of reverie over Tristan's corpse. Without striving for the sheer dramatic power of other performances, this "Liebestod" is ecstatic by virtue of what I can only call purely musical values. A great Isolde, supported by even a frayed, pathetic orchestra, can make this an overwhelm-

Linda Sanders's articles and reviews have appeared in Saturday Review, The New York Times Magazine *and other publications.*

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ing rendering of rapture. Here, the character, the situation, the so-called drama melt away; it isn't a rendering of rapture but rapture itself, contained in the modest perfection of the performance and epitomized by the flawlessly tuned and balanced final chord.

This emotional, musical immediacy—unhindered by the thought processes of drama—is at the heart of *Tristan*, and Kleiber seems to work throughout on this level. Whatever he can do to illuminate the musical relationships, thereby releasing their emotional power, he does. He simultaneously controls the large time span and the momentary detail. If this recording were a film, the action would flow smoothly and with apparent freedom, but each frame would have the perfection of a posed photograph. This is technical command that has nothing to do with the dry, machinelike associations we have with "technique" these days; it is a genuinely elevated understanding of the way this music works, and how to get it off the page.

Bernstein's *Tristan* (with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra, Philips 6767 091) is, in essentials, much more orthodox than Kleiber's. Where Kleiber reveals *Tristan* by making the score jump directly off the page, as it were, Bernstein seems to filter the score through his own feeling for it, to create the Major Personal Statement. It is an honorable attempt, and not to be confused with the brand of narcissism Von Karajan displays in his *Tristan*, which is sunken and obscured under the weight of its own phony mystery.

Tempo is the ruling eccentricity here. The Prelude is almost unbelievably slow, as is most of the music associated with night and the hidden world of the lovers. Bernstein is trying for the slowed heartbeat, the timelessness of ecstasy. The singers, unfortunately, can't quite give it to him. Hildegard Behrens's Isolde and Peter Hofmann's Tristan are both disappointing. With the exception of Yvonne Minton, who provides some good moments as Brangaene, the cast offers singing that is technically proficient and sometimes quite lovely, but lacking in color, flexibility, character.

Bernstein, like Kleiber, dominates the proceedings. But the irony is that Bernstein's achievement lies not in his powers as a visionary but in his powers as a conductor. It's not the slow tempos that make this a notable performance but the beautifully turned phrase in the winds, the thrilling climax, the dramatic pacing, the sumptuous orchestral sound. In short, the plain old solid musicianship that makes one feel one is hearing a legitimate realization of the opera, no more, no less. It's a tamer result than we would expect from matching the volatile Bernstein with the seminal *Tristan*, but it's an achievement nonetheless. □

FILMS.

KATHA POLLITT

Never Cry Wolf

"The more I come to know people, the more I love my cat," said a witty Frenchman whose name I have forgotten. Change "cat" to "wolves," and you have the theme of Carroll (*The Black Stallion*) Ballard's new film. *Never Cry Wolf*, based on Farley Mowat's delightful book of the same name, is a visually stunning hymn of praise to a species that has gotten a bad press for most of recorded history. I tried to resist Ballard's outrageous blend of romanticism and misanthropy and failed completely. By the end of the movie I didn't know whether I wanted to adopt a wolf, marry one or be one.

Ballard's hero, the nebbishy young biologist Tyler (Charles Martin Smith), wants to be one. Sent by the Canadian government to study the habits of wolves in the Arctic wilds—in particular, to evaluate the extent of their depredations of the dwindling caribou herds—Tyler hopes to find "that basic animal I secretly hoped was hidden in myself," to test his own strength and courage against that of the wolves. To his surprise, he learns that wolves have more than brawn and bravery to offer: they are also intelligent, curious, social, playful, affectionate, monogamous and loyal. Few indeed are the human ménages that could match for domestic felicity his lupine neighbors, George and Angeline, who are rearing an adorable set of triplets with help from shaggy Uncle Albert. Uncle Albert is celibate for now because, unlike people, wolves reproduce only within sensible ecological limits. Also unlike people, wolves respect their neighbors' privacy—in one funny scene, Tyler and George each demarcate their territories with pee. *Also* unlike people, wolves know where they stand with each other—their dominance rituals are games, not brawls—and

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Angeline stays home with the kids at night like a good mother should. . . . So who is killing all those caribou? Not wolves, who, Tyler discovers, subsist on a diet of mice and cull only the weak and sickly from the herds as they go thundering by. No, it's the good ol' boys from town and Eskimos corrupted by modern values.

The wolves are the stars to watch here. Ghostly pale and elegantly thin, George and Angeline look as regal and self-possessed as *Vogue* models, and a lot smarter. Gelsey Kirkland herself could learn something from the heart-stirring way they cross one delicate wrist fastidiously over the other. Darker and heavier, Uncle Albert looks doggier, too—I suppose because he really is a dog. Now why do I wish I didn't know that? My disappointment on learning that all but one of these magnificent creatures are really trained and dyed German shepherds from California is a testament to the seductiveness of Ballard's vision of animal virtue. But then, real wolves wouldn't want to be in a movie; they're much too noble.

The frozen North is probably also too noble to want to be in a movie, but fortunately it had no choice and appears here in all its bleakness, mystery and loveliness. Hiro Narita, the cinematographer, has caught exactly the rose and lavender of the wintry sun on a mountainside and the eerie, underwater quality of a snowy plain at twilight, when depth perception vanishes and earth and sky meet in a single, fragile blue. The most visually striking scene, perhaps, actually takes place underwater: Tyler stumbles through a patch of weak ice and falls down, down through the absolutely clear water. As he struggles to break out from under the ice, the camera cuts away to the snowy fields and woods above—an understated evocation of the absolute imperturbability of nature.

Amid all this grandeur, the human element is almost comic relief. Charles Martin Smith gives a quiet, gently humorous performance as Tyler—with his glasses, his wool scarf and his friendly open face he looks like a bemused Trotskyist. Zachary Ittimangnaq is good as the wise old Eskimo who befriends him and teaches him lupine lore; even better is Samson Jorah as the soft-spoken, sinister young Eskimo who betrays George and Angeline to hunters in return for a set of false teeth and a camera. I suppose we're meant to think he's done a terrible thing, but I must say I felt a sneaking sympathy for this poor fellow whom women scorned the minute they saw his naked gums. Not everyone's cut out to be an Uncle Albert. (Don't worry about the triplets, by the way: "There are no orphans among the wolves." Unlike among you-know-who.)

Where the movie falls down is in the writing. Since Tyler is by himself most of the time, we are given an overvoice of his thoughts, and they are pretty callow. Why is it that people always come off so badly in animal movies? In one crucial scene, Tyler falls asleep naked on the tundra and wakens to find himself surrounded by stampeding caribou, who magically stream by without touching him. The scene has been taken—and was probably meant—as a quasi-mystical evocation of humanity at one with nature, but it struck me as the ironic reverse: the herd pours on, strong and unanimous of purpose, while poor Tyler flails about, dumpy and pallid and squinting through his glasses. Even on the level of looks, the message seems to be, we can't hold a candle to a caribou, much less a wolf. □

VERONA, 1973

Or to the anonymous woman
on the steps of the church,
a column of black
without a shadow or a hat,
to her passive, frozen silence
I offer the relief
of my distracted motions
crossing the square to
the shaded house where
I hope to make a conquest
over tea and violins,
inhaling the clouds of scent
from the flowerbeds,
counting the poplars hazed
in that perpetual past—
the summer's day—
that backpedaling with one
eye always out of focus,
intense with heat, impatient
as the girl alone
in bed with the kicked-
off sheets, the coldwater
spill by her pillow.

In the vestry, in shadow,
the priest who will confess
the woman on the steps
caresses the butcher's boy,
dying of cancer;
overhead a single shaft
of light lemons the sifting dust,
the lonely circle of brick,
but leaves the real darkness
untouched, pouring down.

Nicholas Christopher

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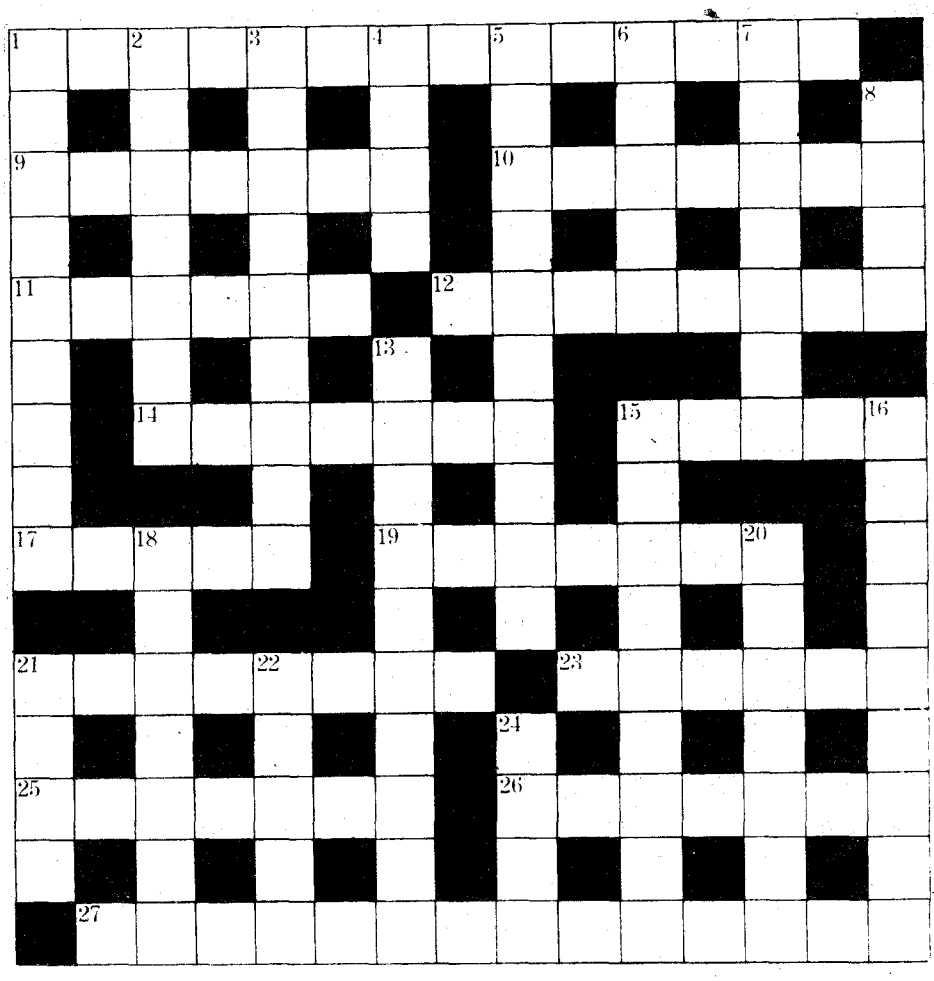
Crossword Puzzle No. 1982

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Let Bobby stay out in the sun too long, and you'll find one whose leader was lost. (6,8)
9 Put at rest the whole thing? Yes, a large number, anyway! (7)
10 With broken sleep, it is communication of a sort. (7)
11 and 16 down Movie stage let loose with the long-ago Twenties—the avenging heroes might, with the villains. (6,3,6)
12 Goodbye to Henri! (It's to have around the torn-up street, as he might put it.) (2,6)
14 Allowed indeed! Taken off, otherwise. (7)
15 This town is different from 22, but in the same country. (5)
17 One might drink with old Mr. Jones of *Chloe* fame. (5)
19 Descriptive of the mousetrap to expect from one whose countenance is not necessarily good? (7)
21 Old-fashioned estimate in part of the building involved in a pulling-down operation. (8)
23 Infective thus, around an unruly pet. (6)
25 Giving him zero, perhaps, for the root? (7)
26 The little church has a dilapidated frame—perhaps a bit of a slope on the side. (7)
27 The procrastinator's scheduled time. (Using those, instead, it might imply everything goes wrong.) (3,2,5,4)

DOWN

1 By the way, these may be important indicators! (4,5)
2 Certainly not early to be tucked in—and still not early! (7)
3 Is noble blood so designated? (5,4)
4 and 21 down What your old car might need is not exactly a massage. (4,4)
5 The percentage of totality, symbolized by C. (3,7)
6 The sound of the piano is everywhere! (5)
7 Not really the job of the tennis pro or basketball player—though the anchorman may serve it. (7)
8 Pack animal? (4)
13 "Something accomplished, something done" possibly meant "Titan." (10)
15 Giving a name like "Official Messenger" to a young caller might read something like a cover. (5,4)
16 See 11 across
18 Were the Basques originally? (7)
20 At a fair, possibly, you might consider it cordial. (7)
21 See 4
22 Once a capital city, as 15 across is. (5)
24 One may have it after hard work, but each is different. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

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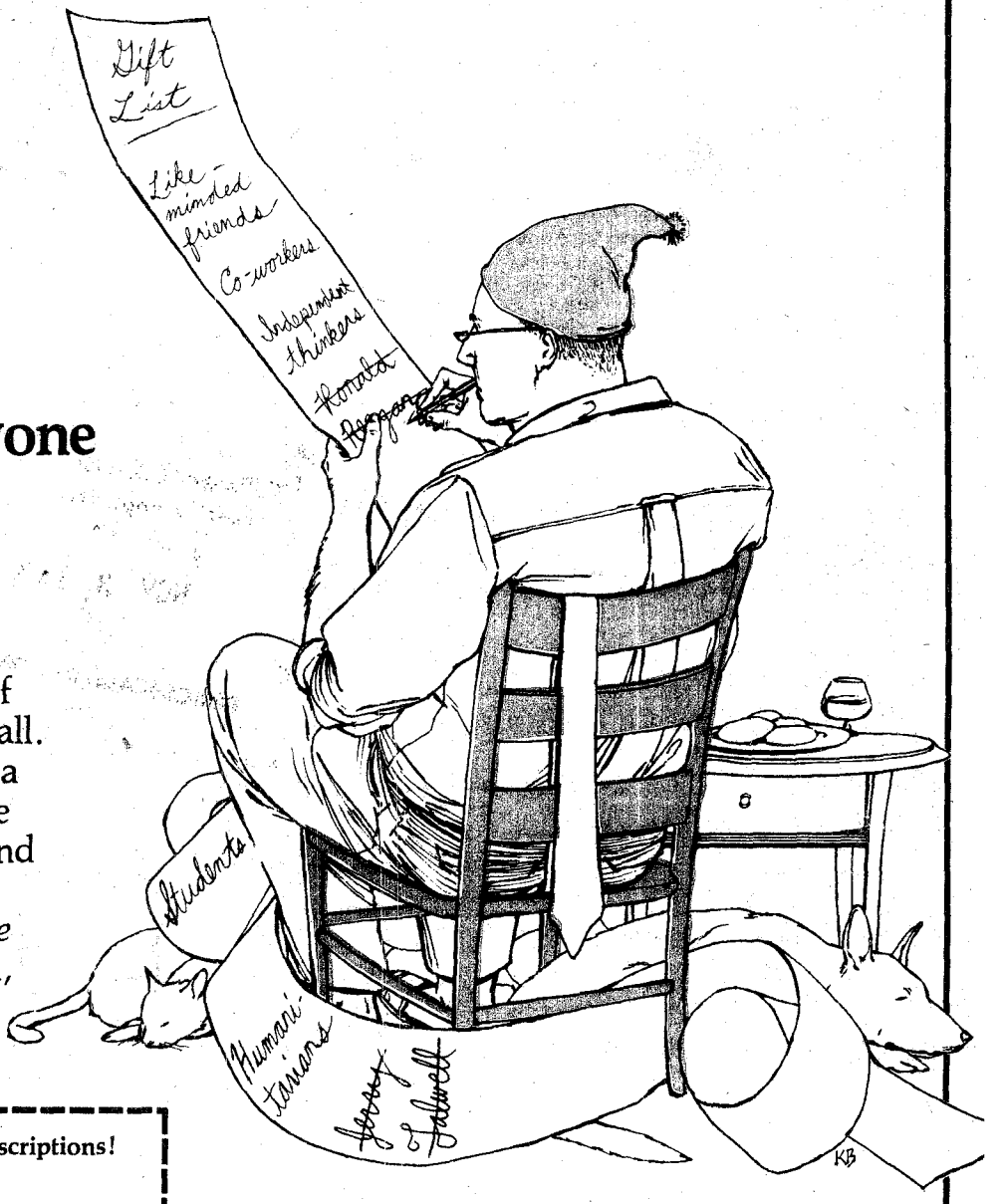

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